

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT PORTLAND AND WINTHROP.

EZEKIEL HOLMES,
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, Editors.

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the Eastern Farmer.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest accepta-
tion of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

White Weed or Oxeye Daisy.

We deem it a sort of annual duty to warn our
friends in those towns where this weed has not al-
ready got a strong footing, to guard against its ap-
proaches with the utmost care. Where it has over-
run the fields, nothing but careful cultivation for a
length of time will eradicate it. But where it has
not yet fairly seeded the earth it will not be much
trouble to keep it out. Dig it up by the roots and
"burn, sink and destroy" it. We have noticed
sometimes that roots of it have been dug up where
the plant was merely out of blossom and thrown
down to die. In this state the juices remaining in
the root and stalk were sufficient to ripen the seed
which were sown by the winds, and thus all the
labor was lost. If possible, burn them up or effectually
prevent them from ripening any seed. The weed
makes very good hay when cut in blossom, but there
is more show than substance to it. It yields but lit-
tle weight to the acre and keeps out better grasses.

Tall Meadow Out Grass.

We received the following note from Mr. Win-
gate, accompanying a fine specimen of the "Tall
Meadow Out Grass." We furnished Mr. Truxton
Wood, of this town, with some seed of this variety
of grass last year. What has become of it Trux-
ton? Give an account of your stewardship.

Malisell, June 29, 1843.

Dr. Holmes:—Dear Sir; I send you a specimen
of the "Tall Meadow Out Grass." It is now in
bloom, and my field would now average 4-12 feet
in height. For further particulars I would refer
you to volume second of the New England Farmer
printed in Boston.

FRANCIS WINGATE.

"I have understood that the late Col. John Tay-
lor, that eminent Virginia farmer, had cultivated,
with warm approbation the Tall Meadow Out
Grass. I regret that his account of it has never
fallen into my hands. Several years' experience
has satisfied me of its great value to the farmer. It
springs earlier in the season than other grass with
which I am acquainted; has abundance of leaves;
and as soon as mown, it rises again immediately,
and produces a vigorous second crop. In its young
and tender state cattle eat it freely and it will con-
tinue, in the same ground, among other grasses, an
indefinite number of years. I should however, pre-
fer sowing it so thick as to occupy the whole ground.
It is probably seldom sown thick enough; for the
seed is large; two bushels are little enough for an
acre.—The seed is easily saved, but cut it the mo-
ment the seed is ripe—or it will fall and be lost.
Sinclair says it is subject to the rust, but that "the
disease does not make its appearance till after the
period of flowering; that it affects the whole plant,
and that at the time when the seeds are ripe, the
leaves and straw are withered and dry." Excepting
the dryness of the stems bearing the seed, when
these are ripe, no part of this description touches
the tall meadow out grass during the seven or eight
years it has fallen under my observation. As to its
character for hay, I should advise, on account of its
strong stems, rising three or four feet in height,
to mow it early, even rather before than after its
flowering state." [N. E. Farmer.]

Apple Tree Borer.

We have received a living specimen of the
apple tree borer, accompanying the following com-
munication.

The Massachusetts Ploughman sometime since
published a history of this destructive insect, to-
gether with a cut or portrait of it. We should
have copied it if we could have obtained a cut.
The fellow that friend E. G. B. sent us, "broke
jail" in the night and cleared out. If he will
catch another one and forward to us, we will
have a portrait of him taken, and tell more about him.

FRIEND HOLMES:—Accompanying this I send
you a common enemy to our apple trees, that is
already in the field, committing most unprofitable
degradations among our fruit trees.

In your valuable paper, I have not seen so much
as was to me desirable about this apple tree borer.
Was it owing to the supposition that he was no
"great shakes" after all? If so, we shall be wo-
fully disappointed in the premature death of thou-
sands of our best fruit trees from this stubborn
enemy.

I found some few of them in the same state of
perfection as this I send you last year, and opened
my crusade against them; but for all this I fear the
result of their works.

I am confident that all the enemies of our fruit
trees put together would not equal this striped,
long-horned rascal; and I would beg of you to put
orchardists on their guard to protect their trees from
the enemy.

Had I time at command, consistent with my
other duties, I would tell you what I know of the
above "critter"; but as I have not just now, I
would hope some other one would take it up.

If we consider the subject unworthy our serious
attention now, we shall not by and by.
Hastily yours, &c. E. G. B.
N. Yarmouth Centre, June 30, 1843.

STRAY MOOSE.—A couple of moose were re-
ported, as seen last week in Livermore; and last
week, as Mr. Jennie Towle of this town was going
over a meadow on the back part of his farm, a little
more than a mile from this village, he found a large
moose lying dead. It appeared to have been dead
but a short time. It was skinned and the skin is
in possession of Mr. Otis Howard. We suppose
that he was driven down from the frontier and was
either run to death or "sawed to death," a warning
to all moose not to come into "these diggings."

GREEN PEAS.—We have received a "small dose"
of green peas, gathered in the garden of Hon. Da-
vid Stanley, in this town, on the 30th of June. Mr.
Stanley thought he should gather a plenty of them
on the 4th. The first part of the spring has been
wet and cold, which very much retarded vegetation,
but this is doing very well indeed.

Effect of Lime upon Beans.

Has any one observed that lime, put into the hill,
unslacked, at the time of planting beans, has affect-
ed them injuriously? If so, we would like to
hear his experience on the subject communicated
to us. We are not sure, but are rather suspicious
that we have had the germinating power of a large
portion of beans which we planted the present sea-
son, destroyed by the use of lime in the hill—tho'
not in contact with the seed. We have been un-
able, as yet, to discover any other cause. S.

Poudrette and Corn.

We are beginning to be a convert to the superior
efficiency and economy of poudrette, as a manure for
corn. We have about one acre planted with the
use of a hill to a hill, side by side with an acre in
which lime in about two thirds of that quantity,
was used to the hill, and at this stage of growth
the former exhibits a decided superiority over the
latter. The ground is a sandy soil, and all of the
same variety and first prepared alike with muck and
clay ploughed in. The poudrette was from the
manufacture of D. K. Minor, N. Y. City. We
shall report the future progress of the experiment. S.

Our Common Schools.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"Knowledge is power," so
said a distinguished British writer, [Lord Bacon]
But will the profound knowledge of a few individ-
uals tend to raise the condition of our country and
perpetuate those great principles of republican lib-
erty which are the pride and boast of American
freemen? The late Gov. Lincoln in his message to
our Legislature urged upon our people the spread-
ing of knowledge all over the State. If we recol-
lect right, he recommended a seminary for distinct
female education. But we think that every literary
institution in our State should be open and free to
the youth of both sexes. In England it is said that
the middle and higher ranks spare no expense in
the education of their children—the chosen few en-
joying the benefits of science; but what of the
great mass of their population, are they kept in ig-
norance? Is the "key of knowledge" taken away
from them for the purpose of securing the aggranda-
izement of the rich and the misnamed great? In-
dividuals possessing superior talents or extensive
learning may be eminently useful—one individual,
indeed, may enlighten a whole community. But if
knowledge be concentrated into the hands of a
chosen few it is aristocracy.

Knowledge is one of the great means of promot-
ing the prosperity and securing the liberties of the
people. But will mere intellectual education alone
form a bulwark sufficient to render our republican
institutions perfectly safe? Indeed, all education
in a certain sense of the term is intellectual; but
what shall we say of knowledge without virtue?
Learning makes good men better—bad men worse.
Why did Greece and Rome crumble, was it because
their people were illiterate? No! Shall we speak
of the causes which raised Greece and Rome, and
in their turn, to the summit of glory? The spread
of science was one of the causes which operated in
elevating the condition of those distinguished rep-
ublics. But shall we speak of those vices which
humbled the Athenian and the proud unbending
Spartan, and which, at a later period, subdued the
spirit of the noble Roman? But it has been said
that the field of agriculture is the true nursery
of republican virtue. The spread of the christian
religion and of useful knowledge among the people
and the advancement of every branch of useful in-
dustry under proper regulations will all contribute
to add strength to our glorious republican institu-
tions. Agriculture must claim the preference over
every other branch of our national industry, inas-
much as it is the great staff of liberty and the founda-
tion of wealth. But how stands the business of
our common schools? Has our Legislature done
the State immortal honor either by their attention
to this or any other subject of great importance?
Have our school committees and our people distin-
guished themselves for their zeal and activity in
the cause of education?

The "Agricultural Reader," by Dr. Adams of
Massachusetts should find its way into every school
in the New England States. Political economy
should be taught in our common schools, and also
the principles of political science in general should
be studied and the sciences should not be neglected.

JOHN E. ROLFE.

Rumford, June 1843.

A Cow Worth Keeping.

In the Philadelphia Saturday Museum, a Mr.
JAMES GOWEN, after advertising to a cow said to be
owned near Newcastle, Delaware, which yields
twenty-one pounds of butter per week, speaks of
his own cow (Durham) "Dairy Maid," as follows:

"In the summer of 1839, on very indifferent pas-
ture at some three to four months from calving,
then milking 32 quarts on an average per day, she
had no extra feed given to her but a small quantity
except an oat or two occasionally at noon, the weather
being hot, she had a little brown or shippett, mixed
with water as a drink, when she appeared weak and
exhausted by travelling in the sun nearly half a
mile from the pasture-field. Some days she gave
35 quarts, some days less, but the average per day
was over 31-2 quarts, and this too at four months
from calving.

"The butter at first trial was not quite 13 pounds,
and at the latter it was a little over 14, but then it
was well-worked, marketable butter, of sixteen
ounces to the pound. In the seventh month from
calving, she made 12 pounds. The whole milking
for seven months would not have averaged less
than 13 pounds of butter per week, perhaps more
had she been tried previous to the fourth month
from calving, but this could not be done, as her
calves had been kept with her some three months
after calving. She was timed, and the milk meas-
ured, for reasons I need not mention now, with as
much precision as if matters of deep importance
were pending, and gainsayers had cognizance of
the process. She never had milk given to her, nor
any delicate beyond the usual treatment of a com-
mon dairy cow, and this I can establish by such
testimony as would obtain in a court of law. Per-
mit me to add, gentlemen, I would not be under-
stood to have any personal account, but for the
character I have for some years sustained as a
Pennsylvanian Agriculturist, and for the reputation
of that noble breed, the Durham, which, for the
benefit of farmers, I have been at some pains to
establish. In other words, I should feel mortified
did I think my Agricultural Brethren at a distance
could believe me such a fool as to give "milk and
extraordinary" to a cow, to use the best pro-
duce more than her usual quantity. I have milked
"Dairy Maid," within the last two weeks, in the
presence of several respectable agriculturists, who
were on a visit to me, and she yielded on those
occasions from 31-2 to 36-2 quarts per day, she
being in the third month from calving.

"A word as to the great butter cow near New-
castle. Does not the owner of that cow know that
there is a premium of Fifty Dollars offered to any
cow not being Durham, that will yield fourteen
pounds of good, well-worked, marketable butter,
and one dollar an ounce for every ounce made over
the fourteen pounds—the animal to be allowed
abundant good pasture, or in its absence, an equiv-
alent in other feed—a committee of disinterested
persons, members of the "Philadelphia Society for
promoting Agriculture," to be the superintendents?
The Newcastle cow to give one third less than 31
pounds could take this premium. Why does she
not compete?"

The Potatoe Root.

This vegetable, now so indispensable at our
tables, has been in use less than three hundred
years. It resulted from the discovery of America,
as it was unknown to Europeans prior to that time,
and it was a long time after that event before it
was either known or noticed. All vegetables as well
as fruits are changed by culture; some of them to
such an extent as to almost depart from the identity
of the original, and most of them to retain only a
resemblance in kind rather than in appearance.

This is said to have been the fact with the potatoe.
Like the ground nut it was indigenous to South
America, in a temperate climate, where the roots of
the growth of summer were not killed by the frost
of the following winter, and where in this way only
or by the seeds from the balls the plant was con-
tinued. Under these circumstances the roots must
have been small in size, growing as they did upon
the same spot from year to year, and with no en-
couragement from the hand of cultivation. In this
condition the potatoe was noticed by the botanist of
that day; and observing that the natives used the
root when washed as food, it was taken and carried
to England. Here it was slow, very slow in its
progress to public estimation. Like tobacco in this
respect, but unlike it in every other, the prudent
and wary refined lest there should be something
pernicious in this new article of food, that required
only time to develop itself, upon the human system.
Like, however, the deeds of a good man, what was
gained was not lost; the root produced more and
more from year to year, and those who used it grew
more and more fond of it. It was especially deemed
valuable to accompany the gross and harsh food of
salted provisions. It also had medicinal properties
claimed for it, that for a time no doubt produced
customers, such as have since become fond of the
tomato under the alluring name of the love apple.
The potatoe took root in Ireland, and it was ob-
served that the Irish were a very loving people, and
had the most numerous as well as robust families
of children,—no "cheese paring" progress, they
found this time and doubtless in reference to this
supposed virtue in the potatoe, we find merry Jack
Falstaff, with a Windsor wife upon each arm under
the spreading oak, ejaculating "let the sky rain
potatoes" and thunder to the tune of "green
sleeves." With its own merits, these winning at-
tributes and the wants of man, the potatoe at length
became a universal favorite in Europe and in this
country. It has become beyond that of any other
root an essential in domestic economy. It has no
doubt increased greatly the inhabitation of this
earth, and mitigated in a large degree the occasional
distresses and famines from destroyed crops of
corn; for this root thrives best in those wet seasons
that blight and mildew the wheat and the corn.
The potatoe too is successfully grown where Indian
corn cannot be matured, and in fact it grows best
in moist and cool climates. In this State and in
Maine it is a great article, and it comes to greater
perfection than in the southern more sunny and
drier climates. Ireland is famed also for good
potatoes, and her climate, moist and cool, seems
extremely well suited for its production. Maine,
to a very considerable extent in common with a
portion of this State, exports large quantities of
this root to southern markets, and must, it is be-
lieved, continue to do so for years to come. The
people of the Atlantic southern cities look to us
for their winter supply as a matter of course, but
they have a resource in their mountain ranges west
of them that may in time rival this supply. As fine
potatoes as can be found in this or any other country
grow in the upper glades of the Alleghany range,
where even in Pennsylvania and Virginia it is too
cold for the sipping of Indian corn. Here also is

found the oat, vying in weight almost with wheat,
and no doubt equalling the famed oats of Scotland
which grow there also in the mountainous districts.
The vast resources and latent wealth of this great
mountain range will yet be unfolded. Inexhaustible
coal mines, iron mines, as well as fertility of soil,
in climate pronounced by Volney to be the best
in our country, yet wait the development of the
hand of man. These resources are however advan-
tageously located; like the torrents they now
divide, their productions will pour down upon our
eastern and western cities; the great article of fuel,
and all the products of from above and below the
surface of the earth, the potatoe among them. It
is thought by many that it is time that a new vari-
ety of this root should be brought forth from the
seed from the hill. This root, like the apple, &c.,
is believed to have its age, and decline. Old men
will recollect when potatoes now gone were the
preferred kinds for the table. The old fashioned
red, the inner skin of which was of a scarlet color,
and the old English whites, are no where seen, or
but rarely. They have been succeeded by other
kinds; such as the pink eye, the chengano, &c.
This is kind originated from seed in Mercer
county, Pennsylvania, on the Chenango creek, and
hence its name. It is about twenty-five
years old, and is thought to have past its best days.
At about ten to twenty years from the seed is
believed to be the most abundant period, and the
sign of degeneracy is manifested by the potatoe
ball which is said never to grow upon a new spe-
cies. By taking these balls when ripe and sowing
them, which is quite small, small plants may be
raised with roots not much larger the first year than
large peas. These preserved and planted produce
fair sized roots, and the third year quite good pota-
toes. From the seed in this way a very great
variety is produced, in form, color and qualities,
the best of which can be saved, and the others rejected;
and it is said to be a sort of general truth in relation
to potatoes that those having the greatest number of
eyes are the most productive and least palatable,
while those of few eyes are the reverse, less pro-
ductive and best for the table. The Chenango is
among this latter kind, and the Rohan the former.
Let then some of our farmers of leisure, turn their
attention to a new species. They who in this way
promote the benefit of society by new and prolific
articles of life and comfort, are among those who
not only have their sure reward, but benefit their
day and generation. Would it not be well by a
sort of general consent to give to the fruits, or
of roots, produced in this way, the names of the
persons, not only to distinguish the production
itself, but to stimulate to exertion? It is my own
feeling, and common to many of us to feel gratified
and rewarded by this notice, this fame which is
better than the fame of the conqueror over man,
because it has no drawback in human sorrow or
suffering, but goes to promote plenty and prosperity.
—Farmer's Monthly Visitor. P.

A sweet Subject.

MR. EDEN:—Dear Sir. It is a long time since I
have been so forcibly impressed with the im-
portance of a subject connected with agricultural pur-
suits, untouched by others, as to be induced to avail
myself of the press to electrify my fellows. Indi-
viduals in possession of valuable knowledge, may
do much good by improving every opportunity to
communicate it. But it is to the Press we should
look for our resort, through which we press
the subject on the attention of all. But to my pre-
sent purpose.

Through the politeness of a gentleman of this
State, whose hand, head and heart are instant in
every good work, I received last season, valuable
information on the management of the Honey Bee.
Impressed with the belief, at first, that knowledge
so important, on a subject of such magnitude,
could not have been entrusted to me alone, of all
our state! I looked for the Press to aid some
"Master of the Quill" to "burst on the astonished vision"
of our people, working such a revolution among us,
in a small way, that the day of its promulgation
should be celebrated with offerings of sweet things,
and be remembered by our industrious little ser-
vants, as an epoch that closed the dark ages of their
misery. But I have looked to the Press in vain!

The improvement consists in a Hive invented
two years since at Cincinnati, Ohio, designed to
aid the bees in following their natural instinct; and
possesses the following advantages, not possessed
by any other invention. It combines simplicity
with convenience; and cheapness with durability.
It allows the inmates proceeding in their natural
way when it can be spared without disturbing or in-
juring the bees. It affords them, during winter,
a warm and dry habitation, and in summer a cool
and airy one. Its entrance is arranged to allow the
bees a free passage, and enables them to defend
themselves from enemies. It affords with a reason-
able degree of care, complete protection against
the Moth. It affords facilities for getting out
the honey, without removing the bees, or disturbing
the bees. It gives the proprietor control over
his bees, as perfect as the nature of the insect
will admit of. The invention is designed expressly
for the "West" as a security against the Moth, but
is equally valuable here; as one thoroughly ac-
quainted with the natural history of the Bee; and on one
whose suggestions the utmost reliance may be placed.
The Hive is a neat, compact, and simple affair,
and "Bee palaces;" and it comes to us with
no "patent permissions to erect a bee hive," but
through the benevolence of the inventor, left free
to all. Let this brief notice suffice for the present.
And my desire is that the advantages of the "Sub-
tended Hive" may be noticed by every paper in the
State.

I have a house in readiness to receive the bees,
or a plan, I think, adapted to our climate; and to
gentlemen who can make it convenient to call, I
shall be happy in exhibiting it without charge.
Any person desiring further information, can be
put in a way of obtaining it in season to make ar-
rangements for another year's operation. To the
gentleman who so liberally and promptly furnished
me the matter, from which I have drawn the above,
I am indebted just one cubic foot of honey, to be
paid, should he be pleased on his first visit to my
dwelling.

Respectfully,

C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Foxcroft, June 20, 1843.

Things which We Want.

We want, imprimis, stronger inducements to agri-
cultural labors, through our public authorities by
means of a liberal policy of patronage, in bounties
and rewards; and we want a stronger guarantee
for recompense, in the establishment of a better
system of practice.

We want more public and less party spirit; more
devotion to the State and the interests of the
people at large, and less local interests, individual
cupidity, and personal aggrandizement.

We want more stimulus to individual efforts, and
less to joint stock companies. Men will be guided
by acts of injustice and opposition, in a corporate
capacity, which they will be ashamed to commit on

their own individual responsibility. In the one
case they do but share, and they generally continue
to shift on to others the odium of a bad act. But
alone they have no subterfuge, no excuse.

We want, for the boys who are destined to till the
earth, scientific and industrious schools, that they
may acquire, simultaneously, and in the scholastic
period of life, a knowledge of the best practices in
farming, and of the principles upon which it can
now alone be judiciously and successfully con-
ducted.

We want more practical business men in our
legislative halls, as well as upon our farms—men
of sound judgment and independent bearing—and
who, though they do not talk as much, can think and
act as correctly and as promptly, as professional
talkers; and who knowing best the true interests
of the mass of our population, are likely to do the
least injury, if they do not do the most good.

We want a more extended circulation of agricul-
tural periodicals—because they disseminate useful
knowledge, stimulate industry, call into action
latent genius, awaken laudable competition, induce
general improvement, bring into exercise the
nobler feelings of our nature, and inculcate good
will to our fellow man.

We want to have inculcated and taught, by pre-
cept and example, in our public halls, in our social
circles, and in our schools, high and low, the great
moral and political duty, of identifying our indi-
vidual with the public interests, and of considering
the one as in a great measure inseparable from the
other.

On OUR OWN FARMS.—We want more system—
more employment for our families, that they may
be more robust and more serviceable to posterity—
more contentment with our rural employments—
a greater desire to increase our knowledge, to im-
prove our practice, and to bring our sons up "in the
way they should go"—as independent tillers of the
soil.

We want more attention paid to augment our
resources, the food of our farm crops, that our lands
instead of growing poorer every year, may increase
in fertility, in products and in profits.

We want to understand, better than we do, the
principles and practice of draining, that much of
our best land, now unproductive and noxious, may
be rendered productive, profitable and healthy.

We want to extend the culture of roots and clover,
as tending to perpetuate fertility, fatten cattle,
furnish manure, and fill the granary.

We want the conviction that we can improve, the
determination that we will improve, and we shall
then become conscious that we have improved, in
the management of our farms.

From the Central New York Farmer.

Caterpillars and Lice on Fruit Trees.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In passing through several
towns in Oneida county last year, I was very much
surprised at the very great depredations committed
by the caterpillar on every orchard and fruit tree
which I passed. Since that time, in examining a
volume of old Almanacs, (from which I intend to
make some extracts,) I found two receipts for the
destruction of the caterpillar, which I send you for
the benefit of those who may have occasion to try
them.

The writer, in speaking from his own experience,
says, as for the caterpillar, I never suffered them to
remain on any tree over 36 hours after I discover
them. The process of destroying them, is by bor-
ing a small hole two or three inches deep, into the
body of the tree, nearly filling it with a common
sulphur, and stopping it with a soft wood plug,
driven tight, but not so hard as to split the wood or
bark. They rarely remain 12 hours afterwards.
In a practice of eight or nine years, it has never
failed in a single instance.

The same writer says that lice on fruit trees,
may easily be destroyed in the spring, about the
time of the first blossom, when they are loose on
the bark, by applying a white wash, mixed of lime,
soap, fresh cow dung and water, which effectually
destroys them on every part of the tree, to which it
is applied.

Another method of destroying caterpillars was
discovered by accident. A piece of woolen rag
had been blown by the wind into a currant bush,
and when taken out, was found covered with these
leaf devouring insects. Pieces of woolen cloth
were immediately placed on every bush in the gar-
den, and the next day the caterpillars had univer-
sally taken to them for shelter. In this way thou-
sands were destroyed every morning.

Wants for the year 1843.—More industry, and
less idleness—more economy, and less extrava-
gance—more honest men than rogues—more money
than credit—more shirts than ruffles—more morality
than grog-shops—more mechanics than dandies
—more stocking yarn than street yarn—more sta-
bility than excitability—more education than igno-
rance—more laborers than loungers—more justice,
and less law.

The Devil's Mail.—There is a class of persons
in almost every neighborhood, whose favorite busi-
ness is to circulate evil reports, whether true or
false, always to the detriment of some character or
cause and seldom for any good purpose whatever.
To such persons we would recommend the advice
of the Rev. Leonard Haynes, of Vermont, a some-
what eccentric and partially colored minister. To
some acquaintances of his, who were thoughtlessly
repeating some matter of scandal, he said—"my
young friends, I tell you plainly, once for all, it is
best to let the devil carry his own mail, and bear
all its expenses. All communications calculated
to produce contention, or unkind feeling neces-
sarily, should be left to go in the devil's mail."
Fifty years ago literature meant learning, and
was supported by common sense. Refined non-
sense had no advocates, and was pretty generally
kicked out of doors.

Fifty years ago men of property could labor, and
wear home-spun to church; women could spin and
weave, make butter and cheese, whose husbands
were worth thousands.

Fifty years ago the ladies of first respectability
learned music, but it was the humming of the
wheel, and learning the necessary steps of dancing
in following it. Their piano forte was a loom, and
their novels the bible.

Fifty years ago, if a mechanic promised to do
your work, you might depend on it; the thing
would be done.

THE FARMER'S CREED.

Let this be the Farmer's creed—
Of stock, seek out the choicest breed;
In peace and plenty let them feed;
Your land sow with the best of seed;
Let it not dung nor dressing need—
Incense and drain it with all speed,
And you will soon be rich indeed.
John Sinclair.

How to be Rich.—The secret is not in earning,
but in saving. Almost any man can earn money,
but few can keep it. A small sum is disregarded;
yet a large one is only several small ones united;
unless little sums are laid together, how can there
ever be a great one?

Suppose a person save a cent a day—at the end
of one year, he has \$365—at the end of 20 years,
about \$100, including interest. How easy it is for

a man to save a cent a day; how many can save
10 cents a day—or \$36.50 a year—or about one
thousand dollars in 20 years, including interest?

He who spends 7 cents a day, upon some idle
fancy—for instance, in drink, cigars, fruit, &c.,
should at the same time reflect that he thus throws
away the interest of a dollar for a year. Are there
not often occasions in the course of a day, when
a person spends 3 cents, 2 cents, or 1 cent, which
he might avoid without feeling the worse for it?
Then goes his ten cents a day—his one thousand
dollars in 20 years—the very interest of which
would afford him, and his heirs a clear profit of
\$70 a year. Many grow rich by saving, with but
very little faculty for earning; some old men who
have always lived well, are very rich from mere
saving, who did not earn so much daily as their
poor neighbors. EDWIN PAYNE.

West Turin, April, 1843.

The Judiciary.

MR. HOLMES:—I have ever been a firm friend of
our Judiciary as at present established; especially
in those particulars which tend to place it above the
influence of party violence. It was, therefore, not
without some emotions of surprise, that I saw in
the last Farmer an article which attacked it in no
very mild terms. But, in order to be distinctly
understood, I will observe, that I should prefer that
the tenure of the office of judges should be limited
to a certain number of years, say five, or seven at
most. With this exception, I think the judicial
establishment of the United States as near perfect as
any human institution can be.

Our friend S., in the first place, denounces our
Judiciary as possessing monarchical features, and
stamped with arbitrary powers. And he farther
says it "was adopted into our system upon the old
notion that judges, in order to be impartial and
honest, must be removed as far as possible above the
reach of the people!" This assertion I utterly
deny. The framers of our Constitution never
avowed such a sentiment; and I have too much
confidence in the integrity of those tried patriots to
believe they would form such a constitutional com-
pact, and avow false motives. Our fathers well
knew the effects of party spirit, and its tendency to
excess; hence, then, it was with them a considera-
tion of intense interest, to place such guards in the
Constitution as should check this spirit and neu-
tralize its effects.

It was from these considerations they invested the
judiciary with such planetary powers, and extended
the tenure of their offices so much farther than
other offices. But our friend says they are almost
"irresponsible." This I deny in toto. Instead of
being irresponsible they are placed under a stronger
responsibility than any other officers of government
whatever. It is true they cannot be removed in so
summary a manner from office; but this is

many disasters, which daily take place in families and among individuals. But the farmer possesses many advantages which these persons are apt to undervalue. And first, his moral honesty is not so hardly tried as it would be in many other kinds of business; and consequently, "defalcation" is not so often charged upon him. Again, he has no knowledge of other trades and professions; so that when he retires from his labor, he is free from those inward rankings which often harrow up the minds of persons engaged in trade. Nor is he in that danger of losing his property by casualties—fire, the winds and waves, and the depredations of dishonest men; and as he raises those articles upon his farm that are not necessary for his comfort, and which have always been considered cash articles in the market, he is not so liable to be put to his wife's end to procure money to purchase the necessities of life.

It has been objected that farming is a laborious and dirty employment; but is there not hard and dirty work in the shop of the blacksmith? and do not the carpenter and mason encounter both in the repairs of old buildings, &c. and are the grocer, the warehouseman, the harness-maker, and the shoemaker exempt?

Another objection to farming is, it is a slow way to get money. True, there are shorter ways to make money, but they are very often means that those who accumulate property the quickest, cannot produce such a title to their wealth as will procure satisfaction and a quiet conscience. Multitudes, deluded by the deceptive allurements of trade, have entered into ruinous speculations, to the destruction of their own prospects and the peace and happiness of their families; stamping lasting blight upon their characters and future welfare, and all to gratify an insatiable appetite to make money quickly—overlooking the fact, that generally, the fortunes that have been made the most suddenly, are the most suddenly dissipated, and that those who enjoy the privilege of making money fast, have often to pay dearly for it, both in their persons and characters, and are made to exclaim, "all is not gold that glitters." Few know or consider, the personal assiduity, the economy, the self-denial and perseverance which are necessary to secure success in trade: there is no occupation exempt from its peculiar evils and trials: the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman have their full share, of which the farmer is little aware; and if he could comprehend all the difficulties and unpleasant occurrences which even these are continually liable to encounter, he would rejoice at his lot, rather than envy that of others, and be thankful that his "line" have fallen to him in such pleasant places, and grateful for his "goodly heritage."

[Farmer's Cabinet.]

Farm Accounts.—What would be thought of a merchant, who did not keep a set of books, and who at the end of the year could not tell whether a certain branch of his business had been productive or not? And why is not a farmer as much interested in the result of his operations as a merchant? The pettiest shopkeeper must have a clerk to keep his books with double entries, and yet the most extensive farmer, operating with thousands, keeps no record of his proceedings. The manufacturer opens an account with each department of his business, charging it with the stock employed, the expenses incurred, and crediting it with its products. At the end of the year, he sees at a glance whether it has been productive or not, and conclude to stop it off, or to extend it. So should the farmer open an account with every crop he cultivates; charge it with the outlay and credit it with the proceeds. At the end of the year, he should take another account of the stock on hand, and he will see at once how he stands on the year's operation. There is no difficulty about the matter—and extracts from a farmer's books well kept, would form the most valuable contributions to an agricultural paper.

[Southern Planter.]

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply such, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

Encourage Home Manufacturers.

Where is the necessity of going abroad for articles which can be obtained at home of equally good quality and at as reasonable prices? Were the people of Maine to encourage their own manufacturers, how much more rapidly would the State increase in wealth and importance. And were the people of Bangor to patronize their own mechanics more, and foreign mechanics less, two objects would be gained—the improvement and advancement of a useful and enterprising class of our citizens—and the retaining our money at home; consequently there would be less complaint of hard times.

There is no place in the country where better natural facilities are afforded for manufacturing than Bangor. And it is somewhat surprising that capitalists have not ere this contemplated the establishment of extensive manufacturing here.

In some departments several individuals, who have commenced with means somewhat limited, have been very successful. But in the manufacture of cloth, of any description, there is no one engaged to our knowledge. The shoe-manufacture has not, until within a short time, been carried on by any one extensively. Mr. H. J. Flagg has this spring commenced it on an enlarged scale. Several other manufactories have recently been established, which bid fair to do well.

Steam Boilers. Messrs. Franklin Mozzy & Co., Franklin Street, and Messrs. Hinckley & Egery, Harlow Street, are, at the present time, making these articles, and we understand they can furnish boilers which will compare in strength, and excellence of workmanship, with any in the country.

Steam Engines. Messrs. Muzzey & Co., also manufacture steam engines. They have one in use in their establishment with a horizontal piston, which was made by them. It is quite worth one's while to give it an examination.

Chain Cables. Messrs. Bailey & Prim, on Wall Street, have gone into the manufacture of chain cables, mill-chains, &c. Their work is said to be equal to any in New England. They furnished a cable for the new barque Herschell, which an officer of that vessel told us was as good as any he had seen. They have since completed a mill-chain for the Frankfort Steam-Mill, which has the appearance of being well made.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames. Messrs. Fairbanks & Holland, at the Pearson & Drummond Mills, have commenced the manufacture of these articles, for which there is a much larger demand than we were aware. They say, that if they could have half the trade of this State, they could do an excellent business. They kept five men constantly employed in making them, and can sell for half the price at which they are usually afforded. [Bangor Gazette.]

Lamp of a Glass Blower.—The Emperor wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style; the size of the round lamp was indicated,

and the glasses bespoken at this manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain, and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired magnitude. The commission must be expected, that was self-evident; ever should solve this problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed; their object seemed unattainable; when at length a long bearded Russian stepped forward, and declared that he could do it; he had some strong and sound lungs; he would only raise his mouth first with a little cold water to refresh them. He applied his mouth to the pipe, and puffed so much that the glasses fell and swelled and swelled to nearly the required dimensions, up to it, beyond it. "Hold, hold," cried the lookers on, "you are doing too much, and how did you do it at all?" "The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard; "but first, where is my premium?" And when he had clutched the promised bounty, he explained. He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball, and there becoming steam, had rendered him this good service. [Kouli's Russia.]

Iron.

Musket's theory (which is sustained by many experiments) in regard to the amount of carbon in various kinds of cast iron is as follows. That No. 1 (the softest quality) pig iron contains the greatest quantity of carbon, and No. 3 (the hardest quality) the least. Whereas Dr. Ure in his 'Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures' states upon the authority of Karsten, the celebrated German chemist, and with whom in this opinion he coincides, that No. 1 pig iron has the least, and No. 3 the most carbon. As will be observed the one is a direct contradiction of the other. The question immediately arises which of the two theories is most to be relied upon? I incline to that of the former (Musket) and for these reasons, first, In the decarbonizing of cast iron, i. e., the converting it into wrought or malleable iron, by the puddling process, it is found that the No. 3 is much more readily brought to "nature," which is the depriving it of its carbon, than the No. 1. Now as this process is the extracting of the carbon which the iron has imbibed during its reduction from the ore, the inference is plain, that the iron which has the least carbon is the most easily decarbonized, and best adapted, *ceteris paribus*, for this purpose. Secondly, When No. 1 pig iron is melted and poured thus upon a large surface, thus exposing a great portion of its particles to the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, it becomes in a measure, decarbonized and approaches to the quality of No. 3. Thirdly, In the melting of No. 3 pig iron in the air furnace, which process is similar to that pursued in the first stages of puddling, I have found that, by reason of the furnace not having been properly charged, or a good that not having been obtained, the surface of the iron, from its long exposure to the oxygen of the atmosphere, becomes decarbonized and in a measure malleable, and is thus prevented from melting. This never occurs in melting No. 1 pig iron by the same process, as its greater amount of carbon causes it to melt with greater facility, and prevents its surface from being converted into the malleable state.

I have conversed with many intelligent practical manufacturers of iron, and have found some to agree and others to disagree with me in this opinion. Supposing that your paper may circulate among many persons whose business and long experience have rendered them acquainted with the character of this metal, of which, although most used, the combinations have been less satisfactorily ascertained than those of any other; and hoping that they will favor you with their opinions on this subject, I send you the present communication.—N. Y. State Mechanic.

* "Papers on iron and steel by David Musket."

Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER X.

Miss Kitty Ryland's adventures in London.—A scene between A. B. and X. Z.—The spinster's extreme disappointment and chagrin.—The swing.—The doctrine of oscillation.—Galileo's discovery.—The pendulum.—A controversy between the vicar and the major.—Major Snapwell purchases Osterley Park.

As a week has now nearly elapsed, since the departure of Miss Kitty Ryland, the reader will doubtless be anxious to obtain some information respecting the plan and success of her operations; we will, therefore, by the aid of a little talismanic wand, with which Mother Goose has happily furnished every author, transport him, at once, to Bond Street, without the otherwise essential machinery of locomotion. We shall find our heroine snugly lodged in the little back parlour of Mrs. Tenterhook, the widow and successor of a fashionable glover, in whose house, it may be remembered, Miss Kitty thought it probable that she might have formerly seen the nephew of Major Snapwell; for, to use her own expression, her friend was "hand and glove" with all the beaux of Bond Street. On the morning after her arrival, she carefully composed a letter, with the signature A. B., and appointed to interview with X. Z. on the following day at one o'clock. Miss Kitty had informed Mrs. Tenterhook that she adopted the signature A. B. for very particular reasons, but, as she never dropped a hint as to the object of the proposed interview, it cannot be supposed that she imparted the nature of those reasons, which had influenced her in so important a decision. The reader is, therefore, abandoned to his own conjectures; but, as we are always willing to assist his judgment on questions of difficulty, we shall, without hesitation, state it as our firm conviction, that one of the following motives had actuated her upon this occasion. She was, as the reader will probably remember, rather inclined to a superstitious belief in ominous words and things; she has, for instance, been known to be in a state of despondency for a week together, from throwing down the salt, or accidentally putting on the left before the right shoe. With this knowledge of her character, and having frequently heard her repeat the popular saying, that "extremes are sure to come together," we cannot help thinking that the initials A. B. were selected on this very account, as being in opposition to the letters X. Z.; although some of our fair readers may probably prefer the more poetical explanation which we shall, in the next place, suggest for their consideration, viz. whether the aforesaid initials might not have been preferred as being most remote from X. Z., and therefore beautifully expressive of that maiden reserve, which the delicacy of her situation rendered so particularly decorous.

The epistle having been despatched by a confidential messenger to Gray's Inn Coffee-House, the lady's spirits became more tranquil, and she was enabled to dedicate the remaining portion of the day to the purchasing of white ribands, and sundry other articles, which she thought it probable that she might hereafter require. With Mrs. Tenterhook she also came to a very satisfactory understanding, that lady having promised to provide her with any number of white kid gloves at the trade price. At length the morning dawned, and Miss Kitty, having passed a sleepless night, owing, as she said, to the unaccustomed noise of Bond Street, proceeded to her toilet, where she spent several hours, in consequence, doubtless, of that inferior accommodation which was afforded by the house of business in which she lodged. The hour of one arrived, and the appointment was faithfully observed. As an account of the interview may afford some amusement to our readers, and as, indeed, the relation of it is absolutely essential to the thread of our history, we shall, with a delicacy and decorum which we trust were never even exceeded in a police report, proceed to describe its commencement, progress, and conclusion. Those of our readers, who have ever been placed in the anxious situation in which Miss Kitty found herself on this occasion, will scarcely expect us to describe the sighs, palpitations, and nervous tremors, which must ever precede so momentous an interview; we shall, therefore, at once, proceed to our drama without the usual ceremony of a prologue; although, before the curtain rises, the author, as stage-manager, feels it his duty to explain an irregularity which may possibly occur from the *mauvaise honte* of the principal performer, that of deferring the overture until after the first scene.

"Ma'am, here's a man, if you please, inquiring for a B.—who's just com'd from the country," hawled the strapping maid of all work, as she thrust a moiety of her dusty person into the little back parlour where Miss Kitty was sitting crossly with the cat.

"Inquiring for a B.—" exclaimed the sensitive spinster. "What unheard-of insolence! Are these your manners of Bond Street, girl? Who is the foul-tongued varlet that thus ventures to violate all decency in the very heart of genuine politeness? I'll be bound, it is that saucy prig of the bandbox whom I 'cheeped' at the riband shop yesterday."

"La!" cried the giggling maid, as she lashed the air with her dingy duster, to the no small hazard of Miss Kitty's white gown, "why, he says his name is X. Z."

"I beg the worthy gentleman ten thousand pardons; but the mistake is entirely your fault, Becky; such disgusting stupidity and ignorance I never before met with; why, don't you know your letters, child? He inquired for A. B., and you, forsooth, must pronounce it, as though it had been little a, with a bouncing B."

"I am sure I never said no such thing, as a bouncing B; but I know what I know; and that some folk are very stupid, when other folk call upon them."

"Silence, thou impudent slut—silence—and come in and shut the door; would you expose your vulgarity and ignorance to all the fashionables of Bond Street? Shut the door, I say. Now tell me, Becky," continued Miss Kitty, in a greatly subdued tone, "what sort of a looking person is this Mr. X. Z.?"

"Why, as to that, he's well enough I suppose; a little crooked, and oldish or so."

"How old?" cried the impatient spinster.

"Forty?—five-and-forty?—fifty?—why, he surely he is not above fifty, girl!"

"Well, who said he was? But I can't tell, and that's the truth on't; the shop is so plaguy dark, there's no seeing what's what."

"Well, Becky, where is the gentleman?"

"Why, where should he be, but in the shop. He said that how he wanted a pair of gloves, and that, while I let you know, he would sit 'em."

"White kid, I'll warrant it," said Miss Kitty.

"No, ma'am, that they want; for I heard him say, with my own ears, 'black silk, if you please.'"

"What refined delicacy! what charming sensibility!" mentally ejaculated Miss Kitty; and what a clever expedient, thought she, to disguise the object of our interview. Thus it ever with the human mind, when possessed by any one predominant idea; it distorts every object to suit its own peculiar bias; and whether it be black, or whether it be white, it soon discovers that it is by far the most appropriate of all the hues that could be imparted to it.

"Well, Becky," said the spinster, "show the gentleman in—but stop a moment—not yet—presently, Becky—give me my smelling-bottle; and do, pray, my good girl, pour me out a cupful of mint julep, for a very strange faintness has come over me. There—there—now you may go; and say that A. B. will be most happy to receive X. Z."

The interval between the departure of the servant-maid, and the entrance of the stranger, could not have exceeded five seconds in duration; and yet, so industrious is human thought, that in this brief moment, what schemes of happiness, and what arrangements for future action!

The door opened, and the stentorian voice of Becky belled forth, "X. Z., if you please, ma'am."

Miss Kitty instinctively retreated to the farther end of the diminutive apartment, and the stranger pausing at the door left ample room between them for the insertion of all the intermediate letters from A. to Z.; provided, indeed, that they had not exceeded in size the usual proportion of a child's alphabet.

X. Z., for by those initials is he only yet known to the reader, was diminutive in stature, and his lower extremities having received an unfortunate bias in the nursery, might be said, like the feet of the curle chairs, to resemble the X, which he had chosen as his first representative letter; while his whole person, during the operation of an obsequious bow, with which he greeted our heroine, described a zigzag, not unlike his second initial, or the concluding letter of the alphabet. His head had been liberally powdered, but the rebellious colour of his hair still blazed from beneath the surface, and imparted a tinge which might be compared to that of the snow described by Captain Ross in his Voyage of Discovery. Nor was his countenance, perhaps, exactly that which Miss Kitty's imagination had depicted; but she had so often declared, that where the gem was of the first water it signified little whether it were set in gold or pinch-back, that we do not, for a single moment, believe the first

view of his person made the least unfavorable impression. Such, however, as the stranger was, we are bound to describe him, and the reader shall accordingly receive as faithful a portrait as we are capable of producing. His features, like the fctions of a distracted city, appeared as if mutually distrustful and suspicious of each other; his mouth nearly extended from ear to ear, and whenever its capacious portals opened, it was really ludicrous to observe with what haste, and considering its size, with what agility, the nose retreated upwards, as if terrified by the dingy sentinels that grinned within the threshold; nor did his large grey eyes display a greater share of confidence, for they seemed as though straining themselves from their very sockets, in order to keep a good look out, and awe, if necessary, the herald tongue into silence.

"I believe," said the gentleman, "I have the honour of addressing A. B.," his eyes displaying, as he spoke, such an obliquity, as to render it doubtful whether they were directed to Miss Kitty, or to the silver buckles which decorated his shoes.

"And you are, doubtless, X. Z.," replied the lady.

"The same, madam; if it therefore meets your wishes, we will, without ceremony, proceed to the immediate object of our interview."

Miss Kitty dropped a low courtesy; and the gentleman offering her a chair, upon which she immediately deposited herself, took his seat at a respectful distance.

Before I proceed to the consideration of those views which I have long entertained upon the subject in question, allow me, dear madam, to apologise for the apparently singular, and, in some respects, objectionable channel of communication which I have been induced to adopt."

"If you allude to the advertisement, say no more upon that subject; as to apology, it is out of the question; nothing like humiliation should take place between persons who are mutually interested in each other's good opinion."

"Be assured, dear madam, that if I am so happy as to gain your confidence, it shall be the study of my life to preserve it."

"I doubt it not, sir; your open and candid avowal is a sufficient guarantee for your honourable motives."

"I hate professions, madam, but thus much, as we are strangers, I may be allowed to state, that in all our transactions, every consideration will be given to your own advantage and security."

"Nay, dearest sir, I should despise myself for accepting any benefit of which you were not an equal partner."

"I thank you for your liberality. Some little reward it is of course natural for me to expect; but as to an equal participation in the benefit, that is really quite out of the question. My success, as a solicitor, has enabled me to scrape together somewhere between forty and fifty thousand pounds, so you will readily conceive, that my object cannot be entirely selfish. Poverty may, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation of certain actions, which cannot admit of any palliation in the wealthy."

This declaration produced a most extraordinary influence upon Miss Kitty; if she had before been condescending and pliant, she now became obsequious.

"Name your own terms, and I am sure I shall be happy to comply with them; my fortune, dearest sir, is extremely limited. I have an income of about three hundred a year arising from stock in the three per cent."

"Well, madam, and let me tell you, that a very pretty little property it is, and I have no doubt, but we shall be able to make it yield at least three times that interest in a very short time. I propose to apply the principal for the benefit of children, in whose welfare I take great interest."

"Future children," said Miss Kitty, with a smile; "I can have no objection."

"No, no, madam; for children, poor things, who are much distressed on account of the state of certain property that is at present not available; but the security is unexceptionable. I have, only this morning," continued the gentleman, "seen a lady upon the very subject for which we have now met; and I believe the affair is settled; she appears quite willing."

"My dear sir, but surely—surely you would not—most willing—I have not declined, I am most willing to accede to your proposition."

"I rejoice to hear it for your sake, but there can be no objection to my immediately concluding a similar arrangement with the lady to whom I allude."

"What, two at once?"

"Two at once; why, bless me, madam, it is my object to gain the consent of thirty, if possible."

"Of thirty!!!—oh the Turk—the deceiver!" ejaculated Miss Kitty, as she fell back in her chair, so violently agitated as to alarm her companion.

"Why, my dear madam—my dear madam—good gracious, she is in hysterics—what am I to do? Here, Betty, Betty—help! help!"

"La! la! what can the matter be?" cried Becky, as she popped in her head at the door. "Grace defend us! why if Miss Ryland bent in the sticks!"

So saying, the humane girl rushed towards the afflicted damsel, and by the flapping of her duster raised a wind that would have worked a mill; but, unluckily for Miss Kitty's face, not only the air, but the dust, was set in motion by the operation, and the pallor of her countenance was exchanged for the hue of soot. The bustle soon brought farther assistance; Mrs. Tenterhook, followed by two of her customers, besides the shop-boy, entered the apartment. There was an immediate and simultaneous cry for fresh air.

"Open the window," exclaimed a stout gentleman, as he raised his hand, which had the moment before been invested by a new beaver glove, but which, in the hurry of the moment, had not been separated from its dangling partner; "open the window, or, by all the saints in the calendar, we shall suffer the fate of the prisoners in the black hole. See, see, the poor lady is quite black in the face."

Miss Kitty, however, by the aid of her mint julep, and sundry sniffs at her blue smelling-bottle, had, by this time, nearly recovered; and, having thanked her kind friends for their prompt assistance, she relieved their anxiety, and averted an impending torrent of questions, by assuring them that it was one of those attacks to which she was always subject in hot weather, and had, doubtless, been brought on by the fatigue of her journey."

"No, no," said Mrs. Tenterhook, "I told

you how it would be, if you persevered in eating them black-puddings, without renegeing, for supper; besides the punch—only think of the punch—three large rummers!"

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

List of New Publications.

The American Rail Road Journal for July has come to hand. The present managers, Messrs. SCHAEFFER and MINOR, determined to extend the usefulness of this work, have reduced the size of the type on which it is printed, so as to furnish three fourths as much matter as formerly in half the number of pages, and simultaneously reduced the price to \$2 per annum. It is desirable that it should circulate widely, for its influence in the cause of internal improvements by individual (not government) enterprise is of a kindred character with that which makes two blades of grass grow where one only has before found nutriment. We will cheerfully forward subscriptions for this work, from our office.

THE LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, for June, conducted by members of the established Church, has been received from the American republication office of Joseph Masons, New York City. This is one of the best standard publications, of a religious order, to be found in the world, apart from all considerations of its peculiar tenets. It appears in monthly numbers of 64 pages, at \$2 per annum.

THE FOREIGN CULTIVATOR, No. 4, has come to hand, and eminently sustains its original promise of interest and usefulness. Published by J. Stringer, 135 Broadway, New York City, at \$2 per annum. The number present contains an article from the London Farmer's Magazine, entitled "Observations on Liebig's Organic Chemistry" by George Thompson, Jr., which cheers up the professors' renowned work to a great rate. And we confess that the grounds of its condemnation are made to appear exceedingly plausible, if not just, although we think there is a spirit of personal ill will betrayed in the article not altogether in taste with well intended criticism. He compares different positions contained on different pages of Liebig, which are quoted, and exhibits them in the light of most palpable contradictions. Thus, he cites the Professor as saying in one (p. 21) that "one hundred volumes of air have been found at every period and in every climate to contain twenty one volumes of oxygen, with such small deviations that they must be ascribed to errors of observation;"—and as saying in another (p. 20) that "the various layers of wood and mineral coal, as well as peat, form the remains of a primeval vegetation. The carbon they contain must have been originally in the atmosphere as carbonic acid, in which form it was assimilated by the plants which constitute these formations. It follows from this, that the air must be richer in oxygen at the present time than in former periods of the earth's history." Thus involving a direct contradiction of the former position.

The Review cites several other equally palpable self-contradictions of the author, and then remarks—"These are not the only errors in the work, for several eminent chemists and physiologists have detected and exposed many contradictory statements in the more elaborate portions of the composition; but those we have quoted are the most palpable. They are those which must convince the most ignorant of the absurdity of submitting a work so ill digested to the perusal of a public not absolutely unacquainted with scientific truths, still less, destitute of common sense."

This is a very altered estimate of the work of Liebig, from that which has been impressed upon the generality of the reading public. And if just, it is a new illustration of the success which a popular name, like that of charity, can cover a multitude of sins.

FOSTER'S Reprint of Blackwood's Magazine, for June, has been received. The contents are Marton, or the Memoirs of a Statesman. The Vigil of Venus—translated from the Latin. Chapters of Turkish History. A passage in the Life of a Maitre D'Armes. Conclusion of Ammalet Bek—a Caucasian tales. Mr. Bailey's reply to an article in Blackwood. The Vicar of Wakefield. The Attorney's Clerk in the Monk's Hood. Ignacio Guerra and El Sangrador, a tale of Civil War.

Memorandum of a month's tour in Cicily. Commercial Policy—Russia.

INFLUENZA.—We have been suffering with an attack of this epidemic. From accounts in papers from different parts of the Union, we learn that it prevails very extensively in all sections of the country. It seemed to follow the President in his tour to Bunker Hill, and to be scattered, as the immense company who congregated there, returned to their respective homes, in all directions. We have been told that a similar epidemic spread through the country at the time Washington made his tour through several of the States. Is there any thing peculiar in the atmosphere of Presidents that should bring on the sneezing disorder?

FOURTH OF JULY.—The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated in this town by the boys from five to fifty years old, by the burning of a good deal of powder and the rattling of the "Old South" Bell the "live long day" and most of the night.

In the evening a very pretty display of fire works were exhibited on the common. These fire works, consisting of Rockets and wheels and serpents, were the work of lads, among whom we believe Alexander Belcher, Jr. and Albion Benjamin were Chief Engineers. They were manufactured by them, and the exhibition does them great credit for their skill and ingenuity in the "Pyrotechnic" art.

We copy the following from the People's Press. The subject of it formerly lived in this town—served his time with Dea. Carr as a hatter, and always sustained a good character while he lived here. He was a very kind hearted man, and well remembered for the kindness and aid he was always ready to bestow whenever any of his neighbors were sick or needed help. As he says, he did give way to a wrong propensity, and has come to a melancholy end. His character would form a fine study for a Philologist, and we regret that there was never any examination made of his cranial developments.

If he had come to trial he would in all probability have been convicted, but in New York and Philadelphia they let greater scoundrels off on the plea of Insanity who never acted half as crazy as poor Drew has.

Melancholy Suicide.

On Friday morning last, Silas W. Turner, one of the Coroners of this County, held an Inquest upon the body of Gustavus Drew of Skowhegan, who died in the County Jail in this village, on Thursday night. The verdict of the Jury was, that the deceased came to his death by taking Kerosene, Arsenic and Laudanum, between the hours of five and six o'clock, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th June, while confined in a cell in the jail.

Mr. Drew was a hatter by trade, and had a wife and four small children who depended upon him for support, and who are respectably, and had, however, until recently, been attached to, and esteemed a worthy member of the Congregational Church of Winthrop, in this State, at which place he formerly resided. The deceased was under an arrest on an indictment by the Grand Jury then in session, for inflicting petty larcenies, committed by him at various times and upon different individuals at Skowhegan. On Thursday afternoon he was brought into court to receive his trial, and soon after being placed in the criminal's box, commenced vomiting, when the alarming fact of his having swallowed a large portion of kerosene, the most deadly of all drugs, became apparent, and a physician called, but nothing could be done to save him—had an effort been made he would have stoned readily. He died at about 12 o'clock at night, apparently easy, having a serene look on his face. Had he not taken the lead, he would not die so probably have survived two hours, and most have died in the most violent contortions. He took two papers of arsenic, a sufficient quantity to have killed a dozen men. No one knows how he became possessed of the poison. He had been free to say, we understand, that if a bill was found against him he had deliberately made up his mind to make way with himself; but no one seems to have had any suspicions that such was his fixed purpose, and consequently no steps were taken to avert so dreadful a deed.

We are indebted to the Sheriff of the County, M. H. Pike, Esq., for the following letters, written by the deceased, one to Judge Allen, before whom he was to have been tried, and the other to his wife. That addressed to his wife is truly affecting.

"NORRIDGEWOOD, in a gloomy cell.

To the Judge of the Court

before whom I was to be tried:

My object in writing is to say, I have a poor and feeble wife, and four little children. I have no one to help them. I was advised to die, but I could not bear the thought of my family being stripped to pay my bonds. I have made restitution to those I have injured—I have done what good I could in the world. I give way to a wrong propensity and I have fallen. I now give my life as a forfeit—I hope that is enough. Spare my family any further trouble—and I wish to have restored to my family all the property that belongs to them—all that is not identified by others, as I have seen all who have any right to any of it. I now leave this world in the full belief that my enemies and the State have had all the satisfaction they want.

I should like to have lived, and been of use to my family and the world, and redeemed my character; but it is denied me, and so far being herded with abandoned men I could not; and I reject that an Infinite Being is to be my Judge, (who knows all my inmost thoughts,) and not poor, erring man.

With due respects,

GUSTAVUS DREW.

To my Wife:—When you get this I shall be through with my troubles. You believe in God and the Bible—you are there told that he will be the widow's God and Judge, and a Father to the fatherless. Get the children good places—send for your brother—forget me as soon as you can.

I wish you to pray with them every night as long as they are with you, and enjoy upon them to pray when they are away from you. Tell them I began in small things first—tell them never to wrong their consciences on any account, and if they are ever led to wrong any one else to immediately confess to God and to those they have injured, and they will find mercy.

G. DREW.

The following paper was also found attached to the letters above, written by the same hand, after he had taken the poison, and which shows a deliberate and resolute purpose, almost unexampled in the long catalogue of self-homicides with which the public papers have been filled for a few years past.

Let me die in Peace.—I have taken that that you cannot counteract if you try. Your jury is not to blame, for I turned my pockets inside out to let him see them. I have taken Kerosene, and it is no use for you to try to fetch me to, for it is impossible, and it would be cruel. I have made all the restitution that I could; and now let me die in peace—and may God forgive my enemies—they will need forgiveness as much as I shall. To my many friends I will say, I remembered you in my dying hour.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

Thirteen Days Later from Europe.—The steamship Great Western arrived at New York on Saturday morning last, in 13 days 12 hours passage.—She brings Liverpool papers to the 17th, and London to the evening of the 16th June. Ireland continued to be the principal topic of discussion in the House of Commons.

In PARLIAMENT. The Canada corn bill had its first reading in the House of Lords on the 15th of June.

On the same night, in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary announced that Government had resolved to abandon the educational clause of the factory bill. The hostility of the dissenters had proved so powerful that even if carried through Parliament there was no hope of these clauses going into successful operation. A triumph of the dissenters over the established Church.

The Canada corn bill had its third reading by a vote of 150 to 75.

The Ireland arms bill was in committee of the House of Commons at the latest date, the debate having continued several nights. The bill met with great opposition.

On the 13th, Lord John Russell moved that the House go into committee for the consideration of the corn laws. He argued at great length for a moderate fixed duty. After a long debate the motion was negatived, 244 to 145. Mr. Webster's Baltimore speech was frequently referred to in the course of the debate.

On the 13th, a message from the Queen was read, announcing the approaching marriage of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and asking that a provision be made for her. Sir Robert Peel proposed £3000 per annum, to commence after the death of the Duke of Cambridge.

Mr. Williams adverted to the appointments held by the Duke of Cambridge, and also said that there was a Duke of Mecklenburg, the father or grandfather of the present Duke, who was already a pensioner on this country, and had been so for a period of 45 years. The sums paid to these German princes and princesses already amounted to £200,000 per annum. This fact and the distressed condition of the country justified him in opposing the grant.

The discussion was postponed, the Government proposition being opposed.

Lord Hotham proposed a repeal of the export duty on coal. Negatived, 187 to 124.

On the 14th, Mr. Hume gave notice of a motion to discontinue the pension allowed to the King of Hanover. The allowance to the Princess Augusta being again under consideration, Mr. Hume opposed it very earnestly and great and uproarious interruptions; but he had only 57 to vote with him, against 223.

An individual named Samuel Mayer had been arrested in consequence of his addressing a letter to a member of the Government, offering to assassinate Daniel O'Connell. He stated that he wrote the letter after dinner, under the influence of wine, and had no idea of sending it, but he put it into his pocket, in which it happened to be one to his mother, and by mistake he next posted the wrong letter. He expressed his extreme regret at his folly.


London Charities and Beards O'Connor, who tendered their services to the...
The Austrian Government has concluded a loan with M. de Rothschild of 50,000,000, to be applied to the construction of railroads.
Liverpool, June 17th.—British Parliament. The Parliamentary session is drawing to a close. No new measure will be introduced, and the study now is to accelerate the passage of the House. Several important bills are in a state of abeyance, and must either be withdrawn or passed in a very hurried and imperfect manner. With the exception of the Factories Bill, which has raised such a storm of opposition, no comprehensive measure has been introduced worthy of the name. A failing revenue, a declining trade, mutiny amongst his supporters, a powerful free-trade opposition, every day increasing in numbers and importance, Scotland torn to pieces by religious dissensions, which it attributes to the Government, Ireland on the verge of insurrection, convulsed from one extremity to the other—these are the accumulated difficulties which beset the Minister at the close of his second parliamentary session.
Importation of American Manufactured Cotton Goods.—In the London public sales, declared for next week, there is the unusual important item of 400 bales American manufactured cotton goods, to be sold for home consumption or importation. This is altogether a new feature in our trade, and not to be overlooked by our manufacturers, as we understand that several parcels of similar goods are near at hand and will be brought forward in the same manner.
Ireland.—The agitation still continued, but no general act of violence had been committed either by the repealers or the Government. A new feature had presented itself, however, in the form of anti-repeal meetings. One of these was held at Dublin on the 14th ult.
Mr. O'Connell, meantime, was assembling and addressing great gatherings of the people at Malinbeg.
His movements embarrass and perplex the Government. He preaches peace and obedience to the law; but his language and his allusions are calculated to outrage both. He still threatens to resist force by force if any unconstitutional interference is made with his peaceful agitation. He has alarmed the powers that be, and they have taken every precaution to meet armed resistance by pouring troops into the country, and organizing them at every point.
In the meantime, rumors are rife of disension in the Cabinet. One portion is said to be in favor of peremptory coercion; another portion, headed by the Premier, averse to it. Ireland, at the present moment, is like a powder arsenal—a spark would cause it to explode. The great agitator rides to the whirlwind triumphantly. He has again left his headquarters at Dublin, to make a tour into the south and south-west, where he daily meets hundreds of thousands, who would face death at his nod. The swards of war—the rent, come pouring in by thousands weekly; the best proof of the people being in earnest. He continues to be powerfully assisted by the priesthood.
Hatching Apparatus.—They have a machine for hatching eggs now actually in use in London, bringing out the little chickens in broods of fifties and hundreds, with all the punctuality of an old hen. The following is the advertisement of the machine, as we find it in the London papers of the 24th inst., which we insert gratis, just for the sake of spreading a knowledge of the new invention:—
"Hatching Apparatus.—Reduced prices (from Eight to Sixteen Guineas).—Messrs. Todd & Son, of Bury St., Bloomsbury, beg to call the attention of the public to their portable patent Hatching and Rearing Apparatus, being the original manufacturers. This successful invention is capable of hatching, at a trifling expense, any number of game and poultry eggs of all sorts, from 30 to 300, at one time, and possesses the further recommendation of rearing the young birds at all seasons, and of furnishing poultry for the table at a trifling cost at all periods of the year. For further particulars apply to the manufacturers. A machine may be seen in use daily."
Exploit of a Provincetown Whaler.—The schooner Cordelia, Captain Ebenezer Cook of Provincetown, a few days since, when 20 hours out on a whaling cruise, Nantucket bearing W. by N. 35 miles, captured a very large right whale, and after saving 120 barrels of oil and \$100 worth of blubber, cut adrift and sailed for home, accomplishing a very short but profitable voyage, having been absent but four days. This whale is the largest that has ever been caught from Provincetown, and is supposed to be the largest ever seen upon our coast. [Boston Adv.]
Near marry in fun.—A poor fellow named Wren, in Cleveville, Pa., got himself into a very foolish matrimonial difficulty. He attended a militia training, and at a "kissing party" he was married "in fun" to an interesting lady named Martha Stage. After the party, Mr. Wren thought that Miss Martha had no further claims upon him, but she thought otherwise, and has instituted proceedings against him to make him acknowledge her as his lawful wife!
Secretary of State.—A letter from Washington to the editor of the New York World states that President Tyler has written to Mr. Everett, our Minister to England, offering him the place of Secretary of State.
White Worms among Cabbages.—Count de Gourcy, in his Agricultural Tour in England, states that Mr. More sowed a bed of cabbages with nitrate of soda after a rain, and the ravages of these insects immediately ceased.
Interesting Incident.—A Carrier Pigeon (says the Litchfield Inquirer) alighted at the house of Hon. Wm. M. Barre in Canada, on Monday afternoon, vying signs of hunger and fatigue. And as Judge B. never sends the traveler empty away, he brought out some wheat to his winged visitor, which it very greedily ate from his hand. While the pigeon was eating, its legs were noticed to be wrapped with paper; and on removing the bandages they were found to be very foolishly matted with mud. He delivered on Saturday at the Bunker Hill celebration written on two sheets of tissue paper. The Judge had the pleasure of reading the speech while the bird was satisfying its hunger and regaining its strength, and then replacing the tissue boots on the faithful airy messenger, it took a rapid flight to the West.
Curious Circumstance.—A dog died in this city on Saturday last, who had been lingering for some time, and who had such peculiar symptoms that his owner determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his death. On cutting him open, a snake was discovered in the stomach, about 24 inches in length, alive, and active, whose appearance denoted that he was a real "blood sucker."—*Register*.
Heavy.—The trials of Thorne and Mrs. Wilson have cost the County and State about fourteen hundred and seventy dollars!
Effect of Pride.—It is stated that in the parish of Eufre, Cornwall, there are now living a man and his wife who have not spoken for eight years. They often go to work together, sleep in one bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger towards each other. The only reason to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted silence is that each is too proud to speak first.
J. G. Binney declines being the abolition candidate for the Presidency at the coming election.
Snow.—Dr. Smith, of Haverhill, who has just returned from a visit to the White Mountains, says that the snow is now quite deep in the valleys along the mountains.
There is now no doubt that the U. S. schooner Grampus, with all on board has gone to the bottom.

Death of Brigadier General Easton.—The Portland American of Wednesday last week, announces the death of Brig. Gen. Easton, in that city, as follows:
"It becomes our melancholy duty to announce the death of Brig. Gen. Abraham Easton, of the United States Army, commander of this (6th) Military Department. He departed this life yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, at his lodgings, the Elm Hotel, in this city, aged 57 years. He arrived here on Thursday last, from Charleston, S. C., somewhat out of health, but on Friday he was about attending to his official duties. Since that time he has been gradually but rapidly sinking, until his death. He died as a soldier should die, and according to his expressed wish, at his post, and in the performance of his official duties. The funeral ceremony will take place this forenoon."
He was buried with military honors.
The Richmond Compiler says—Harvest has commenced on the river below, upon several plantations. The crops are said to be unusually good. One of the most extensive wheat growers says he never had such a fine crop of wheat before. The crop in this region is a first rate.
Horses should never stand long on a dry plank floor. Their fore feet, particularly, should rest on something more pliable. Some who object to loam and to tin bark, keep a trough of water and require the horse to stand in it for hours. By traveling on hard roads a fever is created in the fore feet, and road horses are ten times more subject to it than farm horses. When a horse has travelled all day on a hard road, it is cruel to make him stand all night on a hard floor. [Mass. Ploughman].
A sliding scale.—A western editor gives the following unique notice to newly married couples: "It is a perfect sliding scale!"
"All notices of marriages where no bride cake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked in some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be placed conspicuously in large letters; but when gloves, or rather bride favors are enclosed, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in propria persona, and kisses the bride, it will have a special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or couched from the brain editorial."
Whipping Wives.—We notice by our exchanges that it is getting to be fashionable for men to whip their wives. Three scoundrels were arrested in Philadelphia on Thursday, for assaulting with unmanly violence the poor women who are unfortunate enough to be allied to the monsters. If we believe the accounts, this species of brutality is not confined to the ignorant and degraded classes of society, but is practiced by those who profess to be gentlemen. Just set it down as a truth to be remembered and acted upon, that he who raises his hand to a woman, no matter how great the provocation, is a villain unfit to wear the human form, deserving only the society of beasts. [Boston Bee].
The dress of the bride of the Earl of Leicester, recently married, is thus described: "She was attired in an elegant white satin dress, covered with muslin, trimmed with fountains of Brussels lace, and looped up with bouquets of orange blossom and white satin knots, and wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossom."
There is a burial ground in London which contains under one acre of surface 60,000 corpses; and a school where the children, for six hours, sit over a door where 13,000 dead bodies are festering. It is ascertained that 50,000 corpses are annually interred in this metropolis.
Something New.—The Pittsburgh American says—"Something new comes to us every day. At Cincinnati, they have commenced the manufacture of a very neat and useful article of floor and hearth cloth, from hog's bristles, or hair. They are first softened by immersion for a given time in lard, and then spun and woven into cloth, with the different arrangement of natural colors that fancy dictates."
The Bangor Whig says there is a man in Cambridge, Mass., who cultivates a quarter of an acre of dandelions for the Boston Market, and the crop yields him two hundred dollars a year.
An Eventful Man.—The Dover (N. H.) Gazette says there is a man now residing within the limits of this town, who has had more events happen to him in one day than is common. He started from his home sober at 3 o'clock—got drunk before 9 o'clock—got a flogging before 10 o'clock—pulled down a tent before 11 o'clock—got into a lark-up before 12 o'clock—paid seven dollars for sauce, and was released before 1 o'clock. Got drunk before 2 o'clock—fell and injured his leg, and was carried home before 3 o'clock—and took an oath before 9 o'clock that he would never drink any more liquor, and has kept his word. He says that no man has greater reason than he has to hate rum, or thank God for having a lame leg.
Multry.—By a letter from the second mate of the ship Hope, of New Bedford, it appears that a mutiny has occurred on board the whole ship. She is of Fairhaven. She had lost eleven of her men at Ocean and Ascension Islands, and supplied their places with natives. Some days after, the boats were sent in pursuit of whales, when a mutiny broke out among the natives, who murdered the captain. The boats returned, but the crews were prevented by the natives from boarding. The ship, in the mean-time, got before the wind and sailed so rapidly that it was with difficulty the boat could keep up. At length, by the good management of the mate, and a boy aloft in cutting away the halyards of the topsails, &c., her speed was checked. The boats then came up, and the crews swam to the vessel and climbed into the cabin windows. A severe contest then ensued, in which one of the natives was shot. The mutiny was quelled, and the ship sailed for Sydney, where she arrived last January.
Death of Captain Cleveland.—It is with regret we state that Capt. Josiah Cleveland of Oswego, T. G. county, N. Y., who traveled a distance of 450 miles to be present at the Bunker-Hill celebration on the seventeenth, died on Saturday morning last at the residence of Samuel C. Hunt, in Charleston, where he had for several days been hospitably entertained, receiving every attention which could contribute to his comfort.
This worthy and respected Revolutionary patriot was in the ninetieth year of his age. He was a native of Connecticut, and a volunteer at the Battle of Bunker-Hill. The first man who was killed in that action, received his wound from a cannon ball, fired from the Glasgow, while he was recruiting on the green ward at the side of Cleveland. The departed hero was in active service during the whole of the war, and bore a part in many of the principal battles which were fought. At the close of the war he held the commission of captain.—*Mer. Jour.*
The New York Courier states that Staten Island was the scene of a most disgraceful outrage on Sunday afternoon, in the shape of a regular set-to between an English prize fighter and a New York butcher. The combatants fought with the most savage ferocity for more than an hour, and were saved by a gang of twenty or thirty rowdies, who were the means of continuing the contest until the poor brutes engaged in it were both exhausted and covered with blood, when they were led off.

DECEASED.
In Hallowell, 23d ult. Mrs. Sarah J. wife of Mr. E. T. Swain, aged 28 years 3 months.
In Roxbury, Mass. 27th ult. at the residence of his brother, after a short but severe illness, of the prevailing epidemic, influenza, Hon. Lucius Q. C. Bowles, of Machias, Me. aged 54.
In Strong, 19th ult. of apoplexy, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. David Wentworth, aged 71.
In New Bedford, Mass. 16th ult. Mr. Gorham Buzze, aged 28, formerly of Mt. Vernon, Me.
In Harrison, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Simon Bicknell, of Hiram, aged 77.
BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, June 26, 1843. [Reported for the Boston Daily Advertiser, & Patriot.]
At market, 800 Beef Cattle, 12 pairs Working Oxen, 15 Cows and Calves, 1500 Sheep, and 800 Swine. 80 Beef Cattle unsold.
Prices.—Beef Cattle.—We quote a few extra 5 25; first quality 4 75; second quality 4 25 a 4 50; third quality 3 75 a 4 25.
Working Oxen.—Sales at \$65, 70 and 78.
Cows and Calves.—Sales at \$18, 22, 25 and 28.
Swine.—A few small lots were sold at 4 1-4c for Sows, and 5c for Barrows; a lot to close at 4c. At retail from 4 to 5 1-2c.
Sheep.—Lots were sold from 1 50 to 2 50.
RARE CHANCE FOR A PRINTER.
The subscriber wishing to relinquish the Printing business, offers for sale, at a great bargain, the Establishment of the Maine Farmer Office, consisting of two first rate Printing Presses, one a Wells Press, and the other one of Tuf's largest hand Presses, nearly new—a large assortment of Type, some of it but little worn, and other furniture necessary for a convenient Printing Establishment—Also the List of Subscribers to the Farmer—and if desired the building in which the office is kept. The Maine Farmer has been established for nearly eleven years, and it is believed sustains a high reputation as an agricultural and family newspaper. To any one who is desirous of establishing himself advantageously in the printing business, in a pleasant village, where there is a good share of custom and job work, the present offers a rare opportunity. Terms will be made easy—a small part of the purchase money will be required, and good security for the remainder for a reasonable length of time. Printers are requested to call and examine. WILLIAM NOYES. Winthrop, June 28, 1843.
P. S. If the whole establishment would not be desired, I would sell a part on fair terms.
To the Farmers of the United States.
Oldest Patent Separator.
THE subscriber would inform the public in general, and farmers in particular, that he has made arrangements with Mr. Luther Whitman of Winthrop to manufacture and sell his Patent Separator, or machine for threshing and separating grain. His machine was invented in 1835 and his Letters Patent are dated July 1836, and are probably the first of the kind on record at the Patent Office. The principles of the machine have been thoroughly tested and the long experience which Mr. Whitman has had in the manufacture of such machinery, make it certain that the public will be faithfully served in this respect. I have authorized Mr. Whitman to make said machines and to sell the same with rights; I also manufacture and keep them for sale at my residence in Backfield, Oxford Co. Those who are desirous of purchasing are invited to call at either of the above named places and examine for themselves. Terms liberal.
Caution to the public.—As I am the first Patentee of the Separator, and as I consider all others now in use as infringing upon my invention, I would caution all persons against making, vending, or purchasing any Pats or any other Separator, as I shall vindicate my rights. AARON PARSONS. Backfield, July 4, 1843.
Grimes' Smut Machines.
THE subscriber continues the manufacture of these Machines, at the Machine Shop of I. G. JOHNSON, in Augusta. He has sold, within the last twelve months, one hundred, of all which have given perfect satisfaction. Persons desirous of testing the utility and power of these Machines may take them on trial, and return them if dissatisfied, without any charge. A correspondent of the Age speaks of these Machines as follows:—"Mr. Editor:—Among the thousands and one patent machines offered for sale at the present day, there is one to which my attention has been called, which is no humbug; it is Grimes' Patent Smut Machine." Having one of these Machines in my own mill, I speak advisedly, when I say, that it properly set up, it is a perfect cure for smutty grain. It combines in itself three of the most important qualities for any machine, namely, simplicity of construction, durability of material, and compactness of form. One of these Machines is now in operation at Mr. Bridge's grist mill, in Augusta, where gentlemen interested would do well to call, and satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the above facts. So thinks a MECHANIC." Apply to I. G. JOHNSON, ALLEN LAMMARD, or the subscriber. HOMER WEBSTER. May 4, 1843. 274
BITTERS.
THE MOST ELEGANT, SALUBRIOUS and WONDERFUL RESTORATIVE, in all diseases of the Stomach and digestive organs, is the celebrated German Tonic and Aromatic Bitters, Prepared by Dr. D. F. BRADLEE, 62 Court St. Boston. This fine herbaric medicine, an artificial compound of surprising efficacy, is perfectly—highly refined—extremely grateful to the taste, and remarkably warming, stimulating, and invigorating in all its effects upon the system. It is eminently powerful and concentrated, yet as smooth and delicious as the mildest wine. It is an unquestionable and never failing remedy for Impurities of the Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Bilelessness and Sinking of the Stomach, Lowness of Spirits, Weakness, Dizziness, and General Debility of the System. It is also exceedingly efficacious in restoring constitutions broken down by sedentary employments, and has been extensively used by Clergymen, Editors, Printers, Clerks, Semitarians, and numerous others whose health had been injured by confinement and close application to business. It restores the action of the stomach, increases the quantity of blood, and imparts to the worn and emaciated system of the invalid the vigor and glow of true health. The price of this grand restorative is only \$1 per bottle. It may be obtained of the following Agents, and of the dealers in Medicine throughout New England: SAM'L CHANDLER, Winthrop; Sam'l Adams, Hallowell; David Bagbee, Bangor. 3m27
A. B. LINCOLN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF BARNABY & MOORE'S Patent Double Mold-Board, Side Hill and Level Land Plough. AND DEALERS IN Hardware and Cutlery; Iron, Steel and Glass; Sheet Lead and Lead Pipes; Cut and Wrought Nails, Horse Nails, Tacks and Brads; Japanned and Brass Topped Drags; Brass Fire Sets, Whips, Brushes, Glue, &c., &c. One Door North of the Post Office, AUGUSTA, Maine. A. B. LINCOLN, HIRSH PENDELTON.

Agricultural Notice.
THE members of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society are reminded that their semi-annual meeting will be held at UNION HALL, in Winthrop, on WEDNESDAY the 30th day of August next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.
[If] As the place for holding the next Cattle Show and Fair is to be selected at this meeting, it is desirable to have a full attendance of the members. Wm. NOYES, Sec'y. Winthrop, June 28, 1843.
Wool!
CASH and a fair price paid for wool at the Factory Store; where is kept constantly on hand, goods of all descriptions at low prices. Please call and examine. Winthrop, June 20, 1843.
HIGH SCHOOL.
THE Subscriber would take this seasonable opportunity to inform the citizens of Winthrop and vicinity, that he contemplates opening a high school in this village during the coming fall, to commence the first Monday in Sept. Instruction will be given in any of the various branches taught in our Common Academies, and in the Latin and Greek Languages. TERMS OF TUITION, for quarter of 11 weeks, Common English Studies, \$3.00. The higher branches of Mathematics and the ancient Languages, \$4.00. Nothing of a sectarian nature will be taught; neither will any sectarian regards be withheld or bestowed upon any who may feel disposed to place themselves, or their children under his tuition. To impart thorough instruction in the different branches pursued in the School, without any regard to the religious opinions of parents or children, will be the earnest endeavor of the Teacher. Should he receive a liberal patronage during the coming fall, he intends to establish a permanent School; and hence, a deeper interest will be felt, on his part, than can reasonably be expected of those transient teachers, who, on leaving College engage in School teaching for a few months only, for the purpose of procuring funds to enable them to pursue some other profession. F. FOSTER. Winthrop, June 12th, 1843.
NEW GOODS.
THE Subscriber has lately received a large and extensive assortment of goods as can be found on the Kennebec, and offers the same for sale at the Corner Store on Market Square, Augusta.
Consisting in part of Summer Cloths from 8 to 15 cents per yard, Sheetings from 5 1-2 to 8 cents and Drillings from 6 1-2 to 7 1-2 cents.
Prints.
A good assortment of Prints, American from 5 to 12 1-2 cents per yard; London 10 to 15 cents per yd.
Flour and Corn.
100 Bbls Genesee, Ohio & Baltimore Flour.
200 Bushels Yellow, Flat & White Corn.
Provisions.
22 Bbls Clear and Mess Pork and Lard.
20 Qs Cod and Halibut Fish.
1000 Lbs New York Cheese.
W. I. Goods Groceries.
20 Hbls Molasses, 10 Bags fine Salt, 18 Bags Java, Portocabello, and St. Domingo Coffee, Raisins 25 lbs for \$1, 30 Drums Sultana Raisins 16 lbs for \$1. Box Raisins of the first order, S. Shong Tea first quality 44 cents per lb, Green Tea 58 cents per lb, common Brown Sugar 16 lbs for \$1, Molasses Sugar 2 cents per lb, Crushed Sugar 11 1-4 cents per lb, Powder, Shot, Cigars, Spices, Tobacco, Snuff &c.
Oil and Lead.
Lined Oil, Chemical Oil, Pure Spring Sperm Oil 66 2-3 cents Bled, do 75 do, and common do 58 cents per gal, do and ground White Lead, Pure, Extra, No. 1 and No. 2.
Matches.
50 Gross Bath Matches will be sold at the Factory price.
WARD WARE.
Nails, Glass, Knives & Forks, Steel, Crockery, Hons and numerous other articles which will be sold at wholesale or retail as low as can be bought on the River. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call before buying elsewhere. HORACE WATERS. Augusta, June 18, 1843.
To Farmers.
ROBINSON & BAKER, SEED DEALERS, No. 26, Middle Street, Portland, have been appointed Agents for Maine, by the "Lodi Manufacturing Company," for the sale of the article known as **POUDRETTE.** Which is unsurpassed in its excellence over all other Manures ever before offered to the public, and for the nutritive of the soil in most of the States in the Union, for several years; in Flanders for more than a century; and in France for upwards of sixty years, and has proved not only the Cheapest, but the Best of any manures yet discovered. IT IS WARRANTED, of the printed directions are followed, to have the greatest and quickest effect upon vegetable matter, ripening crops from two to three weeks earlier than any other manure, and will cause a greater yield. Abundant testimonials can be produced of its beneficial effects upon all grains; vegetables, grasses, plants, flowers, trees, &c., making it a desirable article for farmers and gardeners. It is in a dry, stable state, has been small, and one gilt put into a hill of corn, or double that quantity into a hill of potatoes, will add one third more in quantity of produce. Five barrels of Poudrette is sufficient to manure an acre of corn. The Poudrette is put up in barrels containing four bushels of seed, at the rate of one dollar per barrel, and will be sold in less quantities at seventy-cents per bushel. Orders for the above article, also for Clover, Herd Grass, Red Top, Fowl Meadow, Garden Seeds, and all other articles in our line, promptly attended to. 6w16
EXTENSIVE RETAIL DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE.
THE SUBSCRIBERS earnestly solicit the attention of Purchasers to their large and valuable Stock of Rich Dress Silks, Cashmere Shawls, and other Fashionable DRY GOODS, now open for the SPRING TRADE. To attempt to describe these articles in an advertisement, would be useless, and superfluous to those who have ever visited our EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSE. To those who have not, we would say that it is much the largest of the kind in New England—occupying four spacious floors of the large building at the corner of Summer Street. The plan of the business is, to combine all its branches in one great establishment; and by this means, to secure to our customers all the advantages that can be gained by making our purchases in large quantities, and at low prices; and also by an increase of the amount of Sales, to be able to reduce the profit—and thus to sell the **Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices.** With these views they now offer a complete assortment of Rich Silks, Fashionable Shawls, &c. and other articles of Dry Goods, Low-PRICED PRINTS, MOURNINGS OF LAINES, and AMERICAN GOODS, CARPETS of all kinds, PAINTED CARPETS, BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS. The amount of the whole exceeds **100,000 DOLLARS,** and every article will be sold at so low a price, as to give entire satisfaction to the Purchaser, and realize the motto of **Large Sales and Small Profit.** HENRY PETTES & CO. No. 234 Washington-St. Boston. April 22, 1843.

Paster and Lime.
THE subscriber has Lime and Plaster, for sale at Hallowell prices with the addition only of the hauling. SAM'L CHANDLER. Hallowell, 1843. copm12
STEAM-BOAT LINE.
THE Subscriber informs the public that he will run a carriage from WINTHROP VILLAGE to STEAMBOAT WHARF in HALLOWELL. He will leave Winthrop on the days that the Boat leaves for Boston, and also on the days that she arrives at Hallowell, in order to accommodate passengers going on, or returning from Boston. His accommodations will be such as to give satisfaction, and great pains will be taken to ensure a safe and pleasant passage to those who will favor him with their patronage. W. M. LADD. Winthrop, May 23, 1843. P. S. Any business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. 21
Winship & Paine
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS & NECK STOCKS, have on hand a large assortment of them, which they will sell at wholesale and retail as low as can be purchased elsewhere. Also on hand, a prime assortment of Hats, Caps, Gloves, Music, Musical Instruments, Viol Strings, Rosin, Clarinet Reeds, Paper Langings, Fancy Soaps, &c. Store corner Middle & Temple Streets. Country traders are invited to call before purchasing. PORTLAND, April 26, 1843. 8m19
Iron and Steel.
STANLEY & CLARK have for sale English and Swedish Iron flat and round, all sizes. Swedes, German, Am. Drawn and Cast Steel. Nail plate, H. N. D. N. and Spike rods. Nails all sizes from 3d to 60d. **Washingtonian Vegetable Pills.** Invented and prepared by Elijah Wood, Winthrop. A VEGETABLE ALTERNATIVE PILLS, has long been a desideratum, and the inventor of the Washingtonian Pill confidently announces to those of his fellow beings who are suffering with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, habitual constipation, &c. of the complicated diseases which arise from inactive or Torpid Liver, Derangement of the Chylipoietic viscera, Impurity of the Blood, Scrofula, and diseases of the Glands, Skin, or the Absorbent System, that he has prepared a simple and safe remedy which he recommends to them, after an experience in their use of nearly thirty years. He first prepared them for his own private use, being afflicted with severe attacks of Rheumatism, complicated by a general atony of the system. He has had the satisfaction of being restored to health by them, and now finds himself by their means as vigorous as in the prime of his life, in good health at the advanced age of seventy-four years. Many hundreds have experienced the salutary action of these Pills, and many cannot live without them. Their efficacy is acute as well as chronic rheumatism has been experienced, and in almost innumerable cases. Dr. Roberts says, "Take them at night on going to bed. If it is desired merely to relax the bowels, take half of one, and increase the dose to five according as you wish to produce more or less cathartic action. The above Pills are for sale at the Maine Farmer Office. Price 25 cents.
Highly Important TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS. ROMMER'S NEW METHOD OF MAKING VEGETABLE MANURE BY FERMENTATION. (Secured by Patent.) A NEW invention has been made, to produce any desirable quantity of MANURE in a short time, either with or without cattle, as nutritious as stable manure, more lasting, and at very little cost. All kinds of Straw, Cornstalks, Weeds, Roots, Sea Grass, and in fact every thing belonging to the vegetable kingdom, whether green, or dry, can be converted into manure. This Manure is a composition of animal, mineral and vegetable substances, evidently designed by nature for the nutritive of the soil. The secret of the invention is simply developed, and the process of management clearly described, in my Method, a copy of which is permanently conveyed to every purchaser for the use of his own farm forever. The preparation is simple and easy, and by following the directions of my Method, farmers may safely calculate upon certain success. To facilitate the purchase of my Method, the price is fixed at the following exceedingly moderate terms. For cleared land, not exceeding one acre, \$2.10; for more than one acre, 10 cents to be added for every additional acre. Rev. ELI BARNETT, at Westville, New Haven-Conn., is my authorized General Agent for New England, including Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island. I hereby give notice, that the pamphlets of my Method are all signed by my own hand writing, and sealed, and can be obtained only from myself or my agents authorized for this purpose; and that every Method circulated or sold by any other person I declare to be false and counterfeit. GEORGE ROMMER. The subscriber has been appointed Agent for the State of Maine, and is authorized to dispose of rights to those who wish to purchase according to the above stipulations. Confidence Inspires Confidence.
NEW AND POSITIVE CURE FOR THE SALT RHEUM, AND OTHER CUTANEOUS DISORDERS. JONES'S DROPS FOR HUMORS, a safe internal remedy for SCROFULA and diseases of the skin, such as SALT RHEUM, LEPROSY, SCALD HEAD, ERYSIPELAS, and all kindred diseases, external and internal. Those afflicted with it do well to examine the ample testimonials of physicians and others, in the hands of his authorized Agents, where the medicine may be found, and where persons can be referred to who have experienced its happy effects in this State. It seldom, if ever, having failed to perform a most satisfactory cure of the various cutaneous diseases for which it is designed, and where the directions accompanying each bottle have been faithfully followed. Don't fail delay in calling, seeing, reading, and inquiring for yourselves. You will be induced to try it, and thereby find the same wonderful effects as multitudes of others have. AGENTS. G. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott & Co., South China; J. Tabor, East Vassalborough; Thomas Frye, Vassalborough Corner; A. F. Parlin, Showham; Anson S. Morrill, Madison; J. Agall & Emerson, Mercer; A. W. F. Belcher, Farmington; Franklin Smith, Anson; J. H. Sawyer, Norridgewood; T. Clements, Albion; H. Whitehouse and John L. Stevery, Unity; Horace Waters and J. E. Snell, Augusta; Samuel Adams, Hallowell; Henry Smith and Co., Gardiner; J. Wetony, Richmond; S. Gardner, Bowdoinham; Edward Mason and Co., and Sanborn and Carter, Portland; Wm. Baker, Brunswick; N. Perkins and Co., Topsham; N. Harris, Greenfield; Reynolds & Co., Lewiston Falls; J. Allen, Waterville. 6p47meo
TWO PRINTERS.—M. P. PROUT, Printing Ink Manufacturer, No. 69 Spring street New York, still continues to manufacture a superior article to any other in the United States, and upon as reasonable terms as it can be produced from any other establishment. He also manufactures ink of various colors, as red, blue, green, yellow, &c. N. B. Publishers of newspapers copying the above advertisement four times and forwarding one copy containing it, and by enclosing ten dollar bill (current in New York) in a letter shall have sent to them fifty pounds of good News Ink. Please mention what press you make use of. 18
Tickling and Feathers. FOR sale by STANLEY & CLARK—a quantity of tickling and feathers—the prices will suit the retail customers. 22

DRY GOODS—CHEAP.
F. LYFORD
Would inform the readers of the Farmer, that he has now open a large assortment of DRY GOODS, selected with great care for the country and village trade, which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere. Always on hand, a great variety of the Merrimac PRINTS at 12 1-2 cts. per yard. Also, RICH SILKS, Chiffes, M. D. LAINES, Plain Shawls and Hdkfs. A large assortment of GLOVES and HOSIERY, very low. Sheetings, Tickings, Drillings, and Summer Cloths, cheap. Also, THICK CLOTTIS, together with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.
Straw Goods.
Received weekly from the Manufacturers every description of Straw and Florence Bonnets, which will be sold at Boston prices, and less than can be purchased at any other place in this vicinity, purchasers themselves being judges. Hallowell, June 23, 1843.
WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.
10 per cent. discount for cash!
THE subscriber would inform the public that he has been to considerable expense in fitting up his Carding Machines, which are now in first rate order. He has two sets of machines, and can furnish those who come from a distance with their Rolls as same day they bring their Wool. Ten per cent. discount from former prices will be made to those who pay Cash on every roll of cloth. CLOTH DRESSING done as usual.
FOR SALE.
One Double Carding Machine, in good repair. JAMES H. MERRILL. Winthrop, June 21, 1843. 3w30
To the Honorable County Commissioners for the Counties of Kennebec and Oxford.
WE, the undersigned, would respectfully represent to your honors that the road leading from Dixfield village to Augusta, by Canton Mills, Stratton's Mills, (so called), in Livermore, and Wayne village, is much travelled, especially by loaded teams. We would further represent, that said road is circuitous and has some bad hills between said Stratton's Mills and Wayne village, and we fully believe that the public good requires that a straight road should be made in the same. We would, therefore, petition your honors to lay out a new road from said Stratton's Mills to Norris' Ferry, in said Livermore, and from said Norris' Ferry to Wayne village, or make such alteration in the road as would shorten said route especially, so that a straight road or in part, the hill near Mr. James Holey's, in Livermore, and Beach hill in Wayne, as in your judgment the travelling community requires. And, as in duty bound, your petitioners would ever pray. PALMER ELLIOTT and 51 others. Nov. 23d, 1843.
STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss:—Court of County Commissioners, May term, 1843.
ON the petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, That the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec, be requested to meet the Commissioners of the County of Oxford at Stratton's Mills, in said Wayne village, on the twenty-second day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of these proceedings to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises, as the Court shall judge to be proper.—And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested of the time, place and purpose of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and this order thereon to be served upon the Chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Kennebec, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore, East Livermore, and Wayne, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Age, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford, and in the Maine Farmer, printed at Winthrop. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days, at least, before the time of said meeting, that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause. Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk. A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon. 3w25 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
BARNABY & MOORE'S

PLOUGH.
To which was awarded the first Premium (a silver cup) of the American Institute, at its Ploughing Match at Newark, N. J. in October 1840; an Honorary Premium of \$20 by the New York State Agricultural Society, at its annual Fair at Syracuse, in September, 1841; and the first Premium of the American Institute, (a Gold Medal) at the Ploughing Match at Sing Sing, in October, 1841.
Keep it before the Public,
That the subscribers have purchased the Patent Right of the above named Plough for the Counties of KENNEBEC, SOMERSET and FRANKLIN, and have commenced manufacturing them in the most perfect manner, and from the best materials, and intends to keep a constant supply on hand. By the above operation we shall be enabled to furnish the Farmer with the only Plough in existence that will do all kinds of work. This Plough in working on level, upward land, will lap or match in the most perfect manner. It may be used as the common Plough, by laying out the field in lands, or it may be used right and left, turning the furrow all one way, and avoid all dead furrows in the field. It is the most perfect Side Hill Plough in use, as the laborious task of shifting the Mould Board as in the common Plough, is avoided, the action of the team with the touch of the ploughman's toe, shifts the back end of the beam from handle to handle, which fits the Plough for either a right or left hand furrow. It also forms a double Mould board Plough, by shifting the back end of the beam in the center of the cross piece between the handles. All kinds of work requiring a double Mould Board Plough can be done, such as opening drains, furrowing, ridging, ploughing between rows of crops, &c. &c. and last though not least, this Plough is easier draught than any plough in existence,—performing an equal amount of work with from 20 to 50 per cent. less power, than the common level land Plough. Those in want of a good Plough, are invited to give the one mentioned above, a trial—every part of which is warranted. AUGUSTA, February 16, 1843. At the HARD WARE STORE, one door North of the Post Office. **SAMUEL C. FINE** Fashionable **TAILOR,** Main Street—Winthrop. FLOUR. A Few Bbls. Superior Flour for sale at the Price STANLEY & CLARK. 23

POETRY.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"There's wisdom in the grass, its teachings would we heed."

There knelt beneath the tulip tree,
A maiden fair and young;
The flowers overhead bloomed gorgeously,
As though by rainbows flung.
And all around were daisies bright,
And pansies with their eyes of light—
Like gold and sun-kissed crocus shone,
With beauty's smiles the earth seemed strown,
And love's warm incense filled the air,
While the fair girl was kneeling there.
In vain the flowers may woo around—
Their charms she doth not see,
For she a deeper prize hath found
Beneath the tulip tree.
A little four-leaved clover, green
As robes that grace the fairy queen,
And fresh as hopes of early youth,
When life is love, and love is truth;
—A talisman of constant love,
This humble clover will prove!
And on her heart, that gentle maid,
The severed leaves hath pressed,
Which through the coming night's dark shade,
Beneath her cheek will rest;
Then precious dreams of one will rise,
Like love's own star in morning skies,
So sweetly bright, we would the day
His glowing chords might delay—
What tones of pure and tender thought,
Those simple leaves to her have taught!
Of old, the sacred mistletoe
The Druid's altar bound;
The Roman hero's haughty brow
The fabled laurel crown'd—
Dark superstition's away is past,
And war's red star is waning fast,
Nor mistletoe, nor laurel hold
The mystic language breathed of old;
For nature's life no power can give,
To bid the false and selfish live.
But still the olive leaf imparts,
As when, dove-borne, at first,
It taught heaven's lore to human hearts,
Its hope, and joy, and trust;
Nor deem the faith from folly springs,
Which innocent enjoyment brings—
Better from earth root every flower,
Than crush imagination's power,
In true and loving minds to raise
An Eden for their coming days.
As on each rock, where plants can cling,
The sunshine will be shed;
As from the tiniest star-like spring,
The ocean's depths are fed:
Thus hope will rise, if love's clear ray
Keep warm and bright life's rock-strewn way;
And from small, daily joys, distilled,
The heart's deep fount of peace be filled—
Oh, happy they in whom are blended
The soul of faith with pure intent!

Lady's Book for July.

I MET HIM IN THE CROWD TO-NIGHT.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I met him in the crowd to-night—
They told me I would meet him there—
My lip was gay, mine eyes were bright,
As if I knew no thought of care;
I touched his hand amid the dance
And passed him as a stranger by,
I trembled 'neath his searching glance
And changed to smiles a rising sigh.
It was a weary part to play,
Yet I deceived the thoughtless throng,
I mingled with the fair and gay,
I breathed the blithest jest and song,
My seeming with the crowd beguiled,
And he too paused my words to hear,
But only sighed when others smiled—
He did not think my joy sincere.
For when I glanced to meet his gaze,
There was a softness in his eye
That spoke to me of other days,
And woke a dream of memory;
That proved the weakness of my breast,
Though brief the space our glances met,
Within that space the truth he guessed.
I turned with clouded brow aside,
He had no right my soul to see,
When near him stood his lovely bride,
His chosen when his choice was free;
Yet that I had deemed so blest
Went not his fickle worship now,
Soon wrenched of a love possesser
He thought not of his plighted vow.
And when I saw he strove to wake
In me a feeling of the past,
I scorned him for my rival's sake
And from my soul his image cast;
The love long nursed in lonely tears
Fled from me like a dream of pain,
My heart may mourn o'er wasted years,
But never beat for him again.
Our eyes in parting met once more,
My pale cheek caught no deeper shade,
Mine eyes no hidden sorrow wore,
Nor pensive tenderness betrayed;
What bitter pain it seemed to me
When first again he met my sight,
But now my heart, though cold, is free,
Fre'd by the gaze I met to-night.

Graham's Magazine for July.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fatal Word.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"There is nothing I so despise as duplicity. To my mind a woman who could be guilty of it is unworthy of being loved."
"You are too severe," said Ellen in reply to the speaker, "and exact more from our sex than you demand from your own. Is this just?"
"I admit the truth of what you say; for, though I cannot trust a man who is guilty of falsehood, I loathe and abhor a woman habitually given to duplicity. We look for more purity in your sex than in our own, and that love only ought to be favored by you which regards you in this exalted light. No true man but chafes at the chains which bind him to the grosser things of earth, and has longings for something better and holier; and love in its purity—for all love is not pure—steps in here to lift us heavenward, by affording us companionship with a being of finer sympathies, and of more heavenly impulses than ourselves. With what loathing then does it fill me to find her deceitful; for of all the virtues truth is, in my eyes, the highest. Let a man or woman be incapable of a falsehood, and she is incapable of continued guilt."
Ellen was silent, for she had begun the conversation in jest, and she felt that the speaker uttered the truth. She continued silently at her work, and in a few minutes Robert left the parlor and went out. Not until the front door had closed on him did she look up, and then her eyes met those of her cousin, the only other occupant of the room, who was sitting at the opposite side of the work table. The face of the latter was flushed, and her lips parted as if in partial

terror. She clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! if Robert knew it!" and then burst into tears.

Emily rose up, went around the table, and encircling her friend with her arm, said soothingly,

"But he never will discover it, dear Lucy; so don't fret. It was only once you did it, and then it couldn't be helped."

"But if he should find it out," sobbed Lucy, "oh! how I wish I had never told him that truth. Don't you think," she continued, looking up earnestly through her tears, "that he has heard of it? He scarcely said 'good bye' when he went out."

"No—no—quickly retorted Ellen, "calm yourself, dear Lucy, or, when he returns, he will see you have been crying. No one could have told him. Besides, even if he knew, he might not be angry, at least not very angry, for you know he spoke of habitual duplicity, and of that, my dear, no enemy, even if you had one, could charge you with being guilty."

"But I wish I had told him the truth at once; and I will never deceive him again," said Lucy, drying her tears.

Lucy was betrothed to Robert Emerson, and in many respects was fully worthy of his love. But she had one fault—namely, fondness of dress, fond of amusement, fond of admiration, and fond of display, she was often led into follies, for the gratification of her vanity, which, in her later moments, she bitterly repented. Robert was not ignorant of her failing, but he knew she had a good heart, and he trusted in time to cure her of her foible. Still he was not aware of the many errors which she committed for the gratification of her vanity, much less did he suspect that falsehood had been resorted to in order to conceal her conduct from his eye. But such had been the case.

Robert hated alike coquetry and untruth. He had often said that he could never love a woman who would trifle intentionally with a suitor, for, apart from the selfish vanity such conduct displayed, there was always more or less duplicity in a flirt. Lucy therefore since her acquaintance with Robert, had studiously avoided the error that, otherwise, her love of admiration might have induced her to commit. But alas! how true is the remark that our errors dog our footsteps, and will not let us go even when we would forget them. During a sojourn at Saratoga the preceding year, Lucy, then just ushered into the great world, and comparatively thoughtless, had allowed the attentions of a young man, whose suit she would not have encouraged seriously for a moment. She had first listened to him to pass away an idle hour, and found herself compromised in a measure before she thought of her indiscretion. She was glad, therefore, when her summons home took her unexpectedly, for the Springs, though she trembled lest her suitor should follow or write for her. The latter he had done, but the letter was left unanswered. When she became interested in Robert, she wholly forgot her former lover; but, a few weeks after she was betrothed, he suddenly appeared in the city. They met accidentally at an evening party, when he recognized her, and in such a way as induced Robert to ask if she had not been intimate with him. The dread of discovery, and of her lover's displeasure if the truth was known, induced her to deny the acquaintance of Mr. Warren, saying that he was only a gentleman who had once paid her some civilities in a stage-coach, and that he presumed too much in claiming a friendship with her. The answer satisfied Robert, but it did not satisfy her own heart. From that evening she had been tortured with fears lest her falsehood should be discovered; and often had she blushed scarlet, even in the solitude of her chamber, when she thought of her duplicity.

With an anxious heart, Lucy awaited the re-appearance of her lover. The hour passed away, then another, and still another, yet he came not. The poor girl was now dreadfully alarmed, and not until midnight would she yield to Ellen's entreaties to retire. Something dreadful she knew must have happened, since Robert had never before thus disappointed her. Ellen strove to quiet her fears in vain. At length, just as they were retiring, came a hasty note from Robert apologizing for his absence on the ground of "unavoidable business. He would call, however, early in the morning." There was something ominous in this; and Lucy spent the night in tears.

With morning came Robert, and, when his card was sent up with a request for a private interview with Lucy, the alarmed girl could scarcely compose herself sufficiently to go down. Her first glance at her lover assured her that all was known, for, instead of greeting her as he was wont, a cold brow was his only salutation. Lucy sank trembling into a chair; and Robert, without seeming to notice her, walked with folded arms gloomily up and down the room. At length he paused sternly before her.

"Miss Thornton," he began, and oh! how this formal mode of address cut Lucy's heart, "you seem not unaware of the object of my visit, and indeed I see, in your face, the evidence of that guilt which I fondly hoped you had not committed. But to my tale. Know then that yesterday I received a note from a Mr. Warren, requesting to see me at his hotel last evening for half an hour. The name was strange to me, but on going to his room, I recognized a gentleman who once addressed you familiarly, and whose acquaintance you denied. To me he revealed all—how you graciously received his attentions, how you led him by various signs to believe his suit would prosper, and how at length you renounced him with selfish heartlessness. I might not have believed him had he not placed in my hand these notes. They were written to him at Saratoga, and though not explicit, show how you trifled with him. You turn pale—you recognize your hand writing. It is enough."

Hitherto Robert had spoken with breathless rapidity, evidently in high emotion. He now paused, for at these last words, Lucy burst into tears. Regarding her sorrowfully a minute, he took his hat and turned to leave the room. The poor girl, forgetting every feeling of pride in her despair, caught him by the arm, and sobbed.

"I acknowledge all, but I had some excuse, and have long ago seen my error. Since I have known you, have I ever trifled with any one? Oh! think of this and forgive me."

"Lucy," said he, disengaging her hold, "I could have forgotten your trifling with this young man, but can I forget your falsehood to me? It is not a month since this last act. Had you at that time, frankly told me all, I

would have taken you to my breast, and forgiven you freely; but now it is too late.—What guarantee have I that you will not deceive me again? No—you have invited your own fate—from this moment I shall forget you." And breaking from her, he left the room. The poor girl stood like one stricken, in the very spot where he disengaged himself from her despairing grasp, until she heard the front door close, when she fell senseless to the floor.

The next day Lucy was in a high fever; and Ellen, who suspected the truth from the incoherent ravings of the invalid, and whose heart bled for her cousin, despatched an urgent note to Robert, begging to see him, if only for a moment, when she hoped to alter his determination. The note was sent back by his boarding-house with the information that he had left the city that morning, and it was uncertain when he would return.

What sufferings were endured by Lucy on that last interview with Robert, his frowning look and stern words seeming ever to be present to her imagination. Her friends at length began to despair of her life, and when the physician pronounced that the crisis had come, they watched tearfully at her bedside through the long night, dreading every minute to see the awful change begin. But, almost against hope she fell toward morning into a gentle sleep, and when she awoke in her right mind they saw that the danger was past. Kneeling by her bedside they poured out their gratitude amid grateful sobs and tears.

To Lucy, perhaps, death would have been as welcome as life; for what had she to live for, now that all her fond hopes of happiness were destroyed? Thus she thought, in the first week of her convalescence. All expectation of her lover's return was now given over, for immediately on his quarrel with Lucy, he had departed for Washington, and accepted the office of private secretary to his uncle, the then minister of St. Petersburg, a post which he had refused only a week before. In three days afterwards he had sailed. But, though the blow fell with stunning effect on Lucy, she gradually recovered from it. We are not writing a fiction, but telling a story of real life. Lucy was saved from a broken heart and early grave, apparently by a miracle; but those who read more closely the human soul will attribute her recovery to the sympathy of her friends, and the consolations of religion. For a great change had come over her. She was no more the Lucy of other days. Meeker and kinder, and therefore better and more beautiful, she shed around her an influence like that which the dew of heaven impart to the panting earth. To the poor she was the kindest of benefactresses, and to those in misfortune the sweetest of sympathizers, for she had felt sorrow herself. All loved her, as they would have loved an angel, sent down on earth to do good.

When about eighteen months after the fatal interview with her lover, Lucy heard of his marriage to an English lady of rank, whose father was the British envoy at St. Petersburg, the poor girl had to conquer the last lingering hope of a reconciliation, if indeed such a thought had lurked in her bosom. For two or three days she was much alone, and if she felt her resolution failing, she sought and found consolation on high. From the fiery furnace of trial she came out purified; and every one said how gentle and loving Lucy had grown. Her very voice had caught a different accent, and in its low, sweet music the listener often fancied he heard a melody not of earth.

Time has a tireless wing, and like the angel of the Apocalypse, flies forward ceaselessly. But how few remember that every wave of that wing sweeps a moment into eternity—or how many, not unmindful of it, care to have that moment carry with it a good report. Alas! by thus trifling with the moments we waste whole lives; and rare are those who mark each departing hour with a good deed. But Lucy had striven to do this, and thus occupied with beneficent acts, the years that passed by seemed scarcely to leave a footprint on her face; and when ten summers had elapsed, her fair brow was almost as sunny as in her earlier youth.

Ten years had passed when, one evening, as Lucy entered the church to which she was in the habit of resorting, she saw a gentleman before her, advancing up the aisle, whose figure was not unfamiliar to her. He took a seat directly behind her own. When the congregation was dismissed, and she had left her pew, the stranger addressed her, and she recognized his voice as that of her early lover. Her bosom thrilled at those deep tones, and she felt sick and faint. But other feelings soon came to her aid. She had often, of late years, calmly reviewed the events of that morning, and she could not but feel that, however wrong she had been, her lover had been harsh and quick. He might, at least, have given her an opportunity to show her reformation. These things recurred to her now, and for a moment pride whispered to make no reply, but the Christian principles forbade this on second thought, and she accepted his proposed services, though with a fluttering heart. At first their conversation was on the evening, but when they had walked several squares her companion said abruptly—

"When we last parted, Miss Thornton, it was in anger, at least on my part. I hope you have forgotten that painful evening."

Lucy's first feeling was that of indignation, then of humiliation, and finally tears gathered into her eyes. Controlling her emotion she answered coldly,

"Mr. Emerson might have spared all allusion to the past."

"You misunderstood me, dear Miss Thornton," he said warmly, "it is not to pain you that I recur to the subject; but to assure you that I have long since felt that I was harsh and hasty; and to beg your forgiveness for my conduct. Could you but read my heart you would see how I respect—nay! I added in a lower tone, 'adore you.'"

"Oh! if this had only come in time," thought Lucy; and she felt her arm trembling in that of her companion. But again she made a strong effort to regain her composure on recollecting that he who addressed her was the husband of another. She withdrew her arm.

"These words are unfit for me to hear as for you to utter," she said proudly, "such language does not become one who has bound himself by solemn vows to another."

"And do you not know that I have no longer a wife?" said Mr. Emerson. "Ah! Lucy, and his voice sunk to sadness, 'how you misjudge me.'"

she almost sank to the ground. Forced now to avail herself of the support of her companion's arm, she suffered minutes to pass before she spoke, for the power of trembling increased and became uncontrollable.

"Yes, dear Lucy," said the lover of her youth, "I am a stricken man, come back to ask your pardon, and atone, if that is possible, for my hasty and harsh conduct. In that hour of passion on my part, which witnessed our last meeting, I forgot all charity, and committed a greater sin than the one for which I refused to forgive you. And oh! how often since, has the remembrance of my injustice wrung my heart. God's hand has been upon me—I am alone in the world. Lucy, dear Lucy, will you forgive me?"

The earth seemed to swim beneath his listener, but every word sank deep into her heart.

When he had finished, her emotions overpowered her. Her old love for the penitent Emerson had only been smothered, not extinguished, and now revived in full force; the suffering he had endured melted her heart; and she felt as if she could fall on his bosom and forgive all. He saw that he might hope, and tenderly pressing her hand, supported her almost fainting to her home.

Long was the conference that evening, and ere they parted they were once more affianced lovers. All had been explained on the part of Mr. Emerson. He had not reached England, on his voyage out before he repented of his hasty conduct, and seizing the opportunity of a few days delay off the British coast, he wrote to Lucy, asking her forgiveness. The letter miscarried; and he received no answer. His pride stung by his fancied slight, he rushed into a marriage with an English lady of rank and fortune. Two years before, she had died. Not long afterwards he returned to the United States, and his first thoughts were of Lucy. He heard that she was still unmarried, and the praises awarded her by all increased his old passion. But for many months he dared not approach her, for keenly sensible of the wrong he had done her, he feared that she would refuse to receive him again into favor. Still there were moments when hope whispered him to see her at least, and finally he had yielded to this uncontrollable impulse and sought her presence.

This is no idle tale, rehearsed for the gratification of a leisure hour. Would that every thing we read was equally true.

The Emir's Daughter.

"Sing again, Christian," said the Emir's daughter to the captive who knelt at her feet.

What shall I sing? asked the minstrel, starting from a reverie, and carelessly running his fingers over the instrument, giving utterance to a prelude of wild but exquisitely melodious tones.

"Shall I sing of war, or of love, or," and his voice became suddenly sad, "of captivity?"

The princess turned her large dark eyes on the speaker, and involuntarily sighed, for she felt how much that little word meant.

"No—no, not of captivity—sing of some gayer theme—let it be love," she continued, and the blood mounted to her forehead as she spoke.

"There is but one song I remember of that kind," replied the minstrel in a sad but musical voice, whose softened accents told how grateful he felt for the sympathy of the maiden. "There is but one song of that kind I remember, and it is of my own far off home. Lady, I know not that I can sing it, for it fills my heart with tears when I think of it now; but your wish is my law, and again, running his fingers over the instrument, he evoked a strain of melody that might have been from the stars.

The maiden leaned her face on her hand to listen, and as she reclined thus, the minstrel thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. Her brow was as smooth as marble; her mouth and chin cut in the most exquisite proportions, while her long lashes drooping over her eyes, gave them the depth of shaded water. If there was majesty in that face, there was also grace. If the classic features made it for a moment seem stern, the kind smile and softened look of the eyes relieved you instantly from the feeling. And now, as she gazed on the minstrel, there was a dewy tenderness in those full dark orbs which might have said volumes to him if he had noticed them closely, which perhaps he did. He raised his head and spoke.

"The words are my own language, but the music you can understand."

The princess nodded, and he began. The song was mournful, and before the minstrel had finished, he had drawn tears into the eyes of the listener, merely by the touching pathos of his voice. A pause ensued.

"Sir minstrel," she said, suddenly, "you pine for your country—do you not?"

"Can I forget the home where I was born, or the churchyard where my fathers sleep?" he answered sadly. Again there was a pause, and there seemed a struggle in the lady's bosom. When she spoke, there was a deep emotion in her voice.

"And would you run the peril of reaching the Christian camp, if you escape hence was conveyed at?"

"Dear lady, yes!"

"You shall go. To-night there will be one at the seaward postern—you are allowed the freedom of the interior—the gate will be opened to you and a boat at hand. And may the God you worship bless and preserve you!"—and she turned away to hide her tears.

A new light broke in on the minstrel—Could it be that he was beloved? Was this the cause of the kindness with which he had been treated? With a sudden hope he was about to fling himself at the feet of the princess, when one of her father's eunuchs entered the apartment, and he was forced to resume his instrument in order to conceal his emotions. No further opportunity to speak with his mistress occurred during the day, and he left her presence towards the evening in despair.

Should he avail himself of her offer to escape? If he were certain of her love, nothing could induce him to fly without her; but did she love him? This question the captive could not answer. Harassed with doubts, he saw the appointed hour arrive without having come to any conclusion. A new hope now arose. He would meet his mistress at the postern. Alas! there was no one there but an old eunuch, whom she had bribed, but who was perversely silent. The minstrel was still in doubts, when lights were seen in the garden, advancing towards the postern.

No time was to be lost. The eunuch pushed him into the boat, the crew of which instantly rowed off from the land; and the captive, yielding to his fate, bade farewell forever to the Emir's daughter.

But he could not forget her. Even after arriving at the Christian camp, and resuming his round, (for all had thought him dead,) his only thought was of the Saracen beauty; and long he lingered in Palestine, when his interest should have called him home, hoping to hear of her. But despair at length took possession of him, and he returned sadly to Europe, where the fairest ladies of his own gay province strove in vain to win him by their smiles.

Oh! had he known the agony with which the Emir's daughter watched, from her tower, his departure—had he been told how, day by day, she sought to glean some intelligence of his arrival at the Christian camp, he would have left his broad possessions at once, and found his way back to her, through a thousand perils, rather than she should consider him ungrateful. But little did he imagine the sacrifice he had made. Since the first day she had seen the pale but still noble-looking captive, she had surrendered to him her heart; and the offer of his freedom sprang from the heroic wish to see him happy, even at the sacrifice of his company. Had he spoken his love then, and she almost wished he would, few words would have induced her to sacrifice father, country, and faith, to follow him; but he was silent, and she feared her love was despised. Still, her noble heart refused to take its revenge by interrupting his escape; but she watched his departure, hoping to the last that he would communicate with her; and when she could no more catch the shadowy figure of the receding boat, she flung herself on her cushions, and wept as if her heart would break. From that day, her attendants noticed that she grew paler and thinner, as if some secret malady was eating out her life. But none suspected the truth.

In the proud castle of Limoges, sat the owner, leaning his head on his hand. He was thinking of her who had set him free from Moslem slavery, and when he recalled her beauty and gentleness, he felt as if it would be no sacrifice to surrender houses and lands and knightly honors, to be again the captive minstrel at her feet, enjoying her smiles and her sympathy, even though denied her love.

"It is in vain," he said; "I can find no happiness here. Beauty has no charms for me. I will go again to Palestine, and never return until I see her." He was about to summon his squire, when that individual entered the room.

"There is a page, my lord," he said, "with whom, you wish to see you on urgent business."

"Let him enter."

A youth, apparently of Italian origin, appeared and stood humbly at the door, until the knight signed him to advance. The page looked at the squire, when his master, understanding the hint, ordered him to leave the room. Then hastily advancing, the youth threw off his hat, and exposed to view a countenance of singularly feminine beauty, for one of his sex.

"Henri! Henri!" said the page, and bursting into tears, fell at the knight's feet.

"My own Zenora!" and the knight clasped her to his bosom; for it was the Emir's daughter.

"And how did you thread your way through such innumerable dangers?" the knight asked, using her own tongue, when, after weeping long upon his bosom, she was somewhat composed.

"I know not. Your God—for him I now serve—protected me. I fled, bearing with me a few jewels, determined to seek you out, and to be your minstrel as you have been mine. I assumed this disguise, and knowing nothing of your language but your name and nation, found my way hither, where, for three months, I have wandered up and down, repeating Henry de Limoges. At length a jewel of some price induced a man to bring me hither, and now—now may I be your minstrel, anything?—only do not send me away."

"You shall be my own bride," and so it was; and never, in Languedoc, was a more beautiful couple than the Count de Limoges and the Emir's daughter.

Quips and Quiddities.

"Miss Polly," said a comical fellow to an old young maid, "have you heard of the late act of the legislature, by which all ladies with small mouths are to be provided with husbands?" "Indeed! No!" replied the lady, screwing up her mouth to a pucker. "It is a fact, however," continued the wag, "and another clause of the act provides that all those ladies who have large mouths shall have two husbands each." "Oh, my!" exclaimed the lady, opening her mouth as wide as a bucket, "what a wonderful curious law!"

There are three kinds of praise; that which we yield, and that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

From one word of two syllables containing only seven letters, there can be formed, it is said, by transposition, not less than fifty different words. The word is "reminiscent."

Lucky men are frequently thought to be dishonest ones. The envious and narrow-minded invariably fabricate disgraceful causes for sudden or great prosperity.

There are no obstacles more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting—it may get him crushed, but it cannot defend him.

Never look to your ancestors, or your titles, in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues, and the history of those who lived to be the benefactors of society.

"What name do you intend to give your boy?" asked a friend of another friend yesterday. "Well he has terrible sore eyes, I believe I shall call him Isaac," (eyes-ache.)

Mr. Sigourney has received from the Queen of the French, a diamond bracelet of great value and beauty.

"What an extraordinary curve your horse has in the spine," said a gentleman to an Irish farmer, "can you account for it?" "By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the horse was my property, he was backed against another horse, your honor, who bade him hollow—and I dare say it's the reason why his back never got straight again."

It is material to the preservation of friendship that openness of temper and manners on both hands be cultivated. Nothing more certainly dissolves friendship than jealousy which arises from concealment. If your situation obliges you to take a different side from your friend, do it openly. Avow your conduct and motives.

Oppression makes a poor country and a desperate people.

Pride hurries many a man to get out of debt; fear prevents as many from getting into it.

Why is a rash, irritable man, like a doctor who cures children? Because he has little patience—(patients.)

Frequently ask yourself what you have done, why you have done it, and how you have done it? This will teach you to inspect—first, your actions; second, your motives; and third, the manner in which you discharge your duty.

When you have an advantage over your enemy, pardon him, in returning thanks to God for that advantage.

A woman in Wisconsin has a tongue as long and thick that she cannot get it all in her mouth. Too much of a good thing!

If there were fewer diamonds, and more potatoes in England, her people would rejoice.

Love knows no age; it foresees no grave; its happiness and trust behold on earth but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly, pass on to live forever.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

A person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

A state of innocence and happiness is so remote from all we have ever seen, that although we can easily conceive it possible, yet our speculations upon it must be general and confused.

A spark will go out of itself, if you do not blow it. Turn an indifferent ear to false reports or reflections upon others, and the retailer of it will soon find that he brings his wares to the wrong market.

Why are shoemakers the greatest of philosophers, whose reign can end only with time? Because they are *and* wise and *ever* last-ing.

It is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that his thoughts are fixed upon a better state.

Wherever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.

It is seldom that an apprentice, who makes his master's interest his own, is not repaid in various favors and kindnesses.

"I'll let you off this time," as the horse said to his rider, when he capsize him into the mud.

Nothing renders an illiterate person more ridiculous than to effect hard words.

Men doat on this world as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

Despise nothing because it is weak; the locust has done more injury than the lion.

Why is the account of what is to be done by means of the aerial ship like Tom's account at his banker's? Because it is considerably overdrawn?—New York Juror.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers have lately received an additional assortment and variety of NEW GOODS—now for sale at the

Brick Store, in Winthrop Village.

Consisting in part of British Sheetings from 1 yard to 1-4 yards wide, at 5 to 12 1-2 cents per yard. British do. Shirtings from 7 to 11 shilling per yard.

Summer Cloths.

Fancy Drills, Krenlin Cord, Hamilton Checks, &c. Fig'd and Black Giraffe Cloth. Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Satinets of different qualities, at prices to suit customers.

PRINTS.

The best assortment we have ever had. American and English Manufacture, from 4d to 22d per yard.

Mous de Lains, and a

Now and Fancy article called *Crape de Laine*, Saxony Cloth single and double width, Shawls, Scarfs and Fancy Hd'ks, Silk & Worsted, Mohair J's Shawls, Silk and Lace Veils, 6-4ths Check'd Cambrics and Muslin for Dresses. A variety of Lawns for summer Bonnets, Ribbons, Bonnet and Cap, narrow and wide, Gloves, &c. Curran Fringe, Braids, Corda and Bindings, Ladies Mohair Gloves and Mitts, and Gent's Kid do. Linen and Cotton do., Neck and Pocket Hd'ks, Silk and Cotton do., Tassels and Corda. Curtain Cambric, Sun Shades and Umbrellas.

Tailors' Trimmings,

A general assortment.

Crockery.

A large variety and quantity, among which are China and Liverpool ware—Tea Sets—with plates, bowls &c. throughout of the same pattern.

Glass Ware.

Lamps, Tumblers, Nappies on Stands, Castors, Plates, Lintels, &c.

W. I. GOODS,